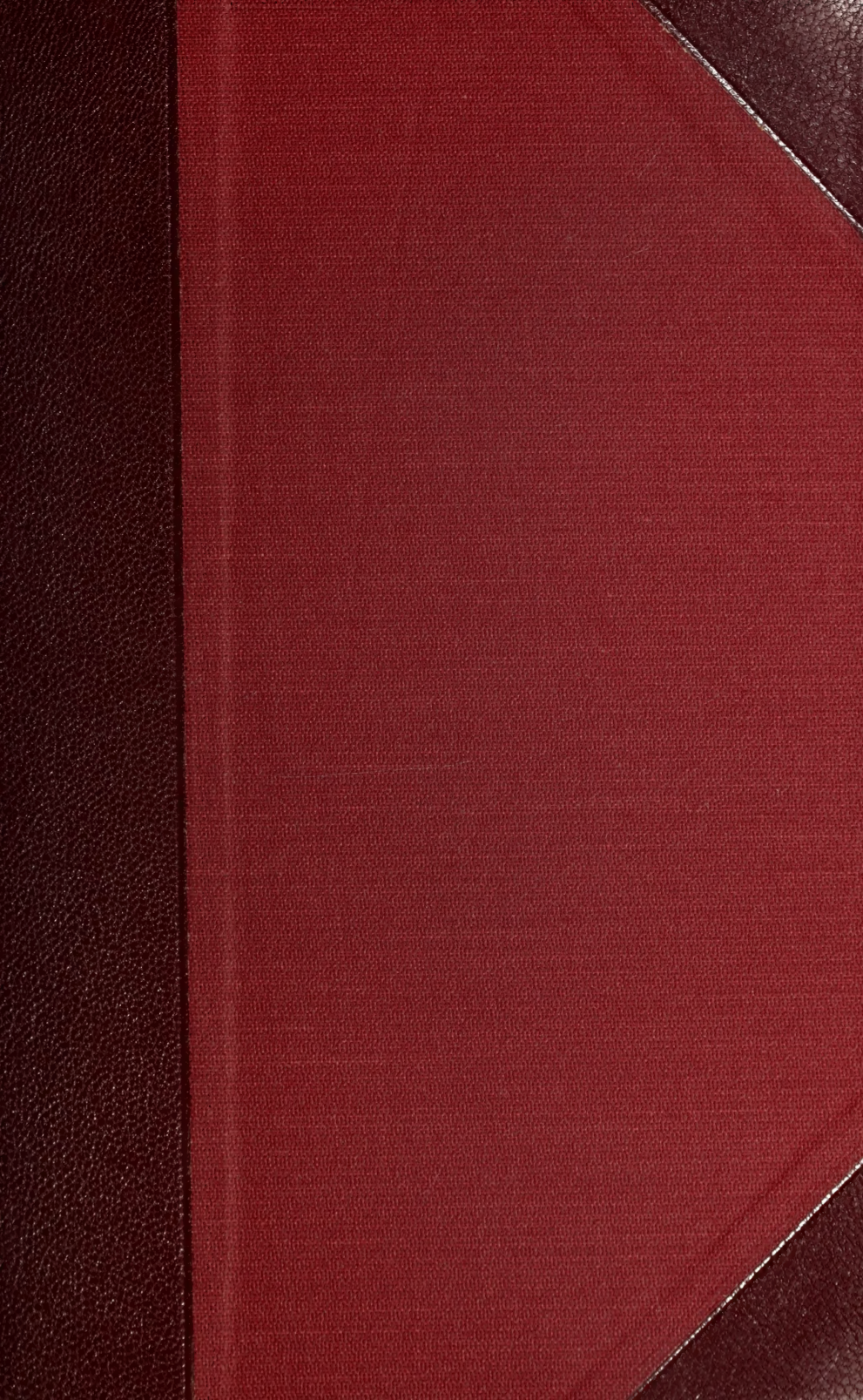






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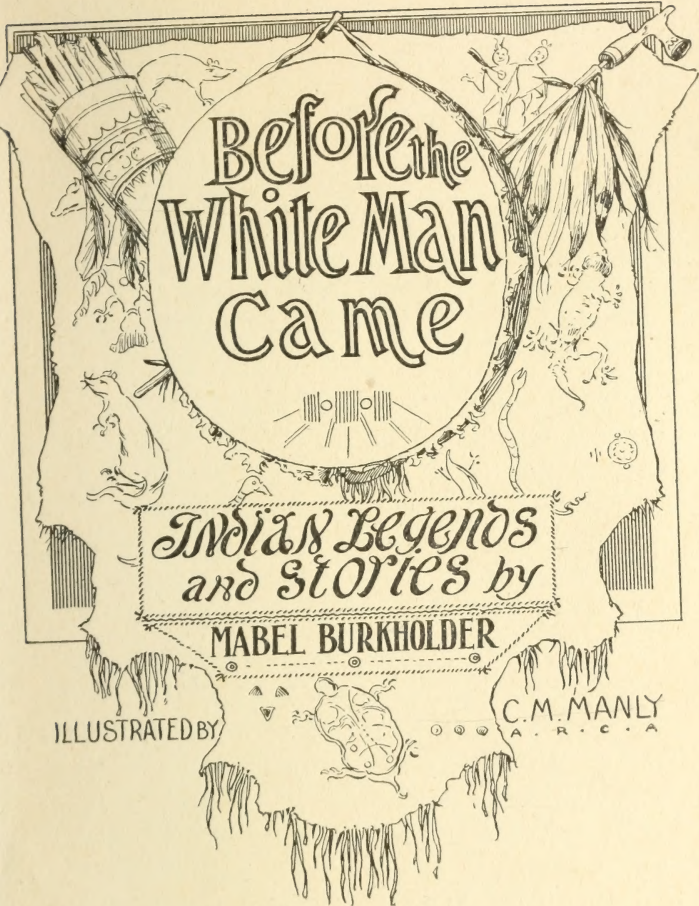
ROBERT GIBSON



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"Whirled it and flung it far out to sea"



Before the White Man Came

*Indian Legends
and Stories by*
MABEL BURKHOLDER

ILLUSTRATED BY

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Preface

THE Indian has had his home in all parts of Canada. On the shores of both oceans, through the mountains, across the prairies, along all the rivers and lakes of this broad land, he has left his mark.

For every mysterious manifestation of nature he has invented a story. Whenever he was impressed by a curiously shaped rock, by a lonely lake, by a crashing waterfall, he tried to explain the wonder according to his religious belief. He had his own idea of the creation of the world, the origin of the different tribes, the coming of the white man, and the power of Good and Evil in the world.

If we sought to gather all the Indian legends there are in existence, we should never be done. The reading of them would be wearisome. Each tribe cherishes scores of them, perhaps hundreds. Many are fragmentary, and meaningless. Some are foolish and unimportant, merely relating the pranks of animals. Not a few are repulsive, bestial, hideous.

In this book an effort has been made to collect the most attractive and important legends cherished among the Indians, especially those told in connection with

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well-known places. The traveller, visiting for the first time a new part of the country, will find his interest quickened and his pleasure increased by reading the ancient stories the Red Man wove about lake, forest, or mountain, and which have been handed down from generation to generation since the world was young.

The fact that these stories have been handed down through so many generations by word of mouth, rather than by writing, accounts for the confused state in which they are found to-day. In many instances it is almost impossible to get at the pure legend in its original form. Each Indian narrator has added his impressions, and the story has lost nothing at the hands of the whites. In cases where more than one version of a legend was available, the popular and most widely accepted one has been followed.

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Legends of the Atlantic Coast

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- 2—*The First Bargain Made With the White Men.*
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- 4—*The Origin of the Abnaki.*
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I.

The Coming of the White Man

THE mighty Glooskap, worker of magic, and protector of men, had lived among the Indian tribes of the Atlantic Coast for more generations than they could reckon. Most people thought he would live forever, or had grown so accustomed to seeing him about that they did not think of it at all. But Glooskap himself knew that he was part mortal, and so must some day get old and die. Every time he looked at himself in the still, clear pool he used for a mirror, he saw more white hairs in his head and more wrinkles in his face. But the people seemed to notice it very little, for the change came slowly; or if they noticed it, they spoke only in whispers behind his back.

Glooskap felt his strength going from him, too. He who had been so strong that he had overcome all the dragons and sea-monsters, and rid the coast of them forever, he who had been so swift that he had outstripped the West Wind in a race, now felt his limbs tremble sometimes, and felt his breath, that had once shaken the hills, come weak and faint from his breast.

The saddest thing Glooskap had to think about was that although he had done his people much good, and

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had freed them from many terrors, and rid the land of many pests and plagues, very few people now honored him or obeyed his word.

One shrewder than the rest came and told his comrades, "I could out-run Glooskap in a race. Bah, he is nothing! I will not obey him any more."

And another said, "I could throw Glooskap down. He is weak as we are. He is no longer a man of might and a worker of magic."

So they talked behind his back, no doubt thinking the time would come soon when a new leader must be chosen, and secretly hoping they might stand a chance of being elected to the position.

Perhaps you have seen on the Atlantic Coast, a little distance from land, a group of islands not much larger than rocks. The largest one is called Dog Island, and, indeed, all the little ones are dogs too, for Glooskap in a rage one day flung them all into the sea for disobeying him. He had thought that his dogs would be faithful to the last, but it was not so. One day when he set out to fish he commanded the lead dog to swim out and head off the fish, as he had done many times before. But the big dog, after swimming out a few yards, refused to go any farther. So Glooskap, in a fury, turned him to stone where he stood. He sank until only the round top of his head remained above water, and there he is to this day, with all the little

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

dogs grouped about him. A lighthouse has been erected on Dog Island because it is a very dangerous place for ships.

To the east lay the great body of salt water called the ocean, which no red man had ever been able to cross. The people looked on it wonderingly, and dreamed many dreams of what might lay beyond. Most of them believed that departed spirits went across it when they died and left their bodies behind; but Glooskap knew that was not so. He believed that another race of men lived on the far side of the water, and that some day they would construct ships big and strong enough to cross. He had dreamed of a race of giants, who should appear over the rim of the ocean some day—and then who could tell what woe they might work to the peaceful and simple-minded children of the forest!

It was the fall of the year. Everything in Nature seemed dying. Crickets chirped lonesomely. Dry leaves scudded before the wind, and faded asters and golden-rod waved along the hill-sides. The sea rolled in to the foot of the cliffs, sullen and gray. Glooskap walked alone on the bleak shore. His people were making merry in the valley below, preparing for the great annual feast at the time of the hunter's moon. Their laughter reached him; but it did not make him feel merry.

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Presently with a splash of water against the rocks, old Blinker, his favorite whale, bobbed up. She brought him sad news. She had seen three ships far out to sea, and they were manned by the Children of Light from the other side of the water. These wonderful beings were not giants at all, but smaller than the red men. However it was useless to fight them, for they had deadly weapons of war. They dressed in dazzling garments, and their ships shone like gold in the sun.

Glooskap's heart sank within him. But guarding his secret jealously he went down among his people in the valley and pretended to make merry with them. He gave them his great kettle in which to boil the broth, and when all had eaten, and the kettle was once more empty, he whirled it and flung it far out to sea, where it turned upside down and became an island, which may be seen to this day. The people wondered why Glooskap threw away his kettle, but he knew he would never use it again.

Then when the feast was over, and the merriment died down, Glooskap said:

"Because it is your great feast night I will grant any three wishes you may ask. Think it over, and ask for something that will be of lasting benefit to the people."

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

A young man stepped forward, bright and keen of face, and with a lofty, intelligent brow.

“O magic-worker,” said he, “grant that the winds may not blow so fiercely along this coast. Now we hear nothing but tales of ship-wrecks, and fishermen losing their lives in the storms.”

Glooskap looked on the young man with favor, for he saw that he had the good of the people at heart. Taking his magic flute in his hand, he played a soft tune that at once brought to him the Wind Bird, a great black creature with enormous wings. Catching her by one wing, he pulled out a handful of feathers, so that when she tried to fly again she was lop-sided. Nevermore could she cause such a strong wind to blow; and that is why on the North Atlantic Coast the storms are not as fierce as they used to be in the days of the long, long ago.

Then another young man asked that their tribe might be famous as hunters. This was also a good and sensible wish; so Glooskap honored it. He handed to them his magic flute, that they might keep it always. When they played upon it the beasts of the forest came running to their death, for they could not resist the music. Then were the people happy, for they knew they would always have meat to eat.

Then a young man stepped out before the crowd, and before anyone else could make a wish, he spoke thus:

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

"O Glooskap, make me very handsome, taller and straighter than other men. Dress me in a brown hunting coat, and a green cap, with a feather floating from it."

"Be it as you wish," said Glooskap coldly.

And he turned him into a pine tree, which ever after stood very tall and very straight among the trees of the forest, with a tuft of green on its head, and a plummy, feather-like top floating back from it.

Now while Glooskap was talking he spied far out to sea the three ships the whale had told him of. They shone like gold in the sunset, and were approaching the shore at a wonderful speed. They seemed to be carried along on wings. Glooskap pointed them out to the people, who fell to the ground in terror.

Then silently there came to the shore down the path of the sunset a great stone canoe, guided by a glorious being. Glooskap stepped into it. The people thought he was going out to fight the three ships manned by the Children of Light. Yet were they sorrowful, for they feared they would never see him again. The loons, who had been his messengers, uttered wild, foolish cries, and the owls cried "Koo-koo-koo!" which in Indian means, "Sad, sad, sad!"

But Glooskap knew he dare not battle with the Children of Light. He knew his reign was over, that he must make his silent journey up the pathway of the

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

Sun. He knew the three ships would land, and that the people would be too frightened to try to drive them off. Once landed, they would soon overcome his people, the simple-hearted children of the forest, who would give up their possessions and be pushed farther and farther back from the shore of the sea, until finally they would grow so weak in numbers that they would disappear altogether from the face of the earth.

II.

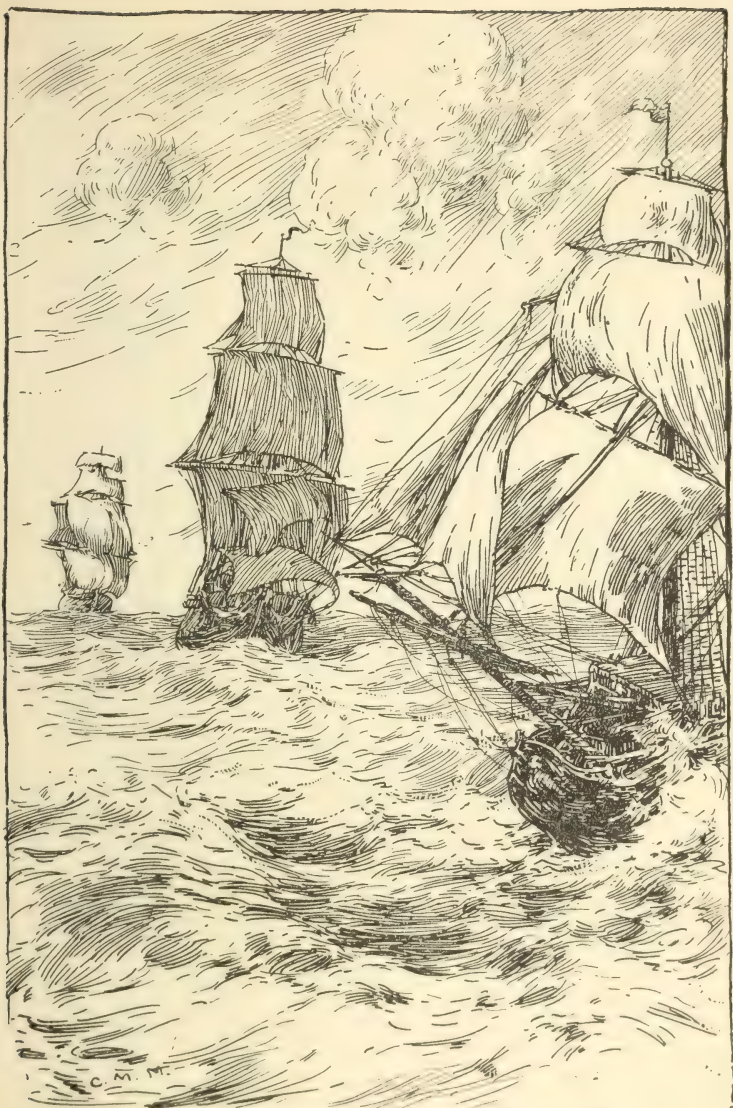
The First Bargain made with the White Men

The people who lived along the shore of the Big Water—the Atlantic Ocean—had instructions from the other tribes to keep a sharp lookout, and not let strange beings land.

One day, as some Micmacs were fishing along the coast they saw a cloud-like thing skimming over the water. A winged boat was drawing near, loaded with pale people. The Indians were so taken by surprise that they offered no resistance to their landing. In fact, they thought it their best policy to be friendly with the newcomers.

The white men hospitably invited the Indians on board the wonderful ship, treated them to a feast, and allowed them to examine the queer things they had brought with them. The white men made them a present of some hoes, spades, axes, and tinware. Not knowing the use of these things, the Indians hung them about their necks. After that the white men taught them how to cut down trees with the axes, and make gardens with the hoes and spades.

It seemed that the two races were going to live in



"They saw cloud-like things skimming over the water"

THE FIRST BARGAIN

peace and concord. The land was big enough to hold them all without crowding. Of course the Indians considered it as their own, but were willing to let the strangers have a corner to live in.

One day a white man came forward, saying he wished to buy a piece of land, a very small piece, just the size of a cow's hide. The Indians considered the matter, and agreed to sell such a small portion. They thought the white men could live in a very small space, because they had seen them crowded on their ship.

As soon as the Indians had agreed to the bargain, the white man selected his largest bull and killed it. Instead of stretching the skin on the ground to mark off the land, he proceeded to cut it into tiny strings. With this string he measured a large piece of land. The Indians were angry and tried to defend their rights. A war followed, in which the white men were successful, and after which they became the enemies of the red men.

An old chief spoke sadly about this unfair bargain in this way: "So it was, and so shall it always be! The white man will cheat the Indian until he has everything."

The old-time saying has been handed down among the tribes, that they must adopt the white man's ways, because they will always be in his clutches.

III

How the White Man Came to be the Red Man's Master

The Atlantic Coast Indians say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he created three men of equally fair complexion. These he took out in a canoe on a lonely lake, and bade them jump in.

One obeyed without hesitation. He found that the water did him no hurt: instead he came forth fairer than before.

The second dallied and hung back. He did not jump in until the water had become muddled from the motion made by the first. So his complexion became copper-colored.

The third was even more disobedient. He hung trembling on the edge of the boat, until Manitou in anger threw him in. The water was now so muddled that it was black. So his complexion became black as he passed through it.

For a second test Manitou placed before the men three sealed packages, telling them they might each have one to keep. He gave the black man first choice.

THE WHITE MAN THE RED MAN'S MASTER

The black man examined each with care. His whole thought was to get the best package, caring little what the others drew. One package was larger and heavier than the others. Likely it would be the most valuable, he argued. He chose it, opened it, and found to his bitter disappointment that it contained spades, hoes, and other tools of hard labor.

The copper-colored man had second choice; and he, too, looked long and examined carefully. He coveted the larger parcel, caring little what was left for his companion. On opening it he found fishing-tackle and weapons of war.

The little parcel left for the white man was then opened, and found to contain pens, ink, and paper.

So the white man was the only one who had the means to improve his mind. Gradually he learned so many wonderful things which the others did not know, that he easily became their master, and made them serve him.

IV.

The Origin of the Abnaki

All Indian tribes cherish a tradition of their own origin, which differs according to their locality and customs. The Abnaki Indians tell the story given here.

The word Abnaki signifies East Land, as this tribe in the early days moved from Maine into the Maritime provinces of Canada. Some call them Waban-oaks, meaning "those of the east." In customs and beliefs they closely resemble the Micmacs.

The chief deities of the Abnaki were Kechi Niwaskw—Good Spirit, and Machi Niwaskw—Bad Spirit. The former lived on an island in the Atlantic Ocean, and kept in hiding from the latter, who was more powerful.

Kechi Niwaskw made the first man and woman out of mud, and placed them on the seashore to harden. Machi Niwaskw, coming along in a spiteful mood, turned them into rocks by adding a little more sand, and there they stand to this day.

Then Kechi Niwaskw tried again, using greater precaution. He chose two logs of wood in the forest. These beings succeeded in eluding the spirit of evil. They retained their wood-like appearance for a long

THE ORIGIN OF THE ABNAKI

time, gradually becoming more human, as the branches changed to arms and the roots became feet.

Whenever Machi Niwaskw walked in the forest, his great stride shaking the ground, they lay very still, hiding under the moss and leaves their creator had covered them with. The evil spirit knew his great rival was trying to create a new race of human beings, and he also suspected that the process was going on somewhere in the depths of the great forest. But he could not find the log-man and log-woman. There were so many fallen logs lying all about that it was impossible for him to tell one from another.

These log-people survived and became the ancestors of the Abnaki. They soon increased in such numbers that Machi Niwaskw saw it would be a hopeless task to try to destroy them all.

That was one occasion on which Kechi Niwaskw outwitted him; so ever since he has had more respect for the power of the Good Spirit in the world.

V.

The Lamp of the Ghost Woman

Over a small and stagnant lake in the heart of New Brunswick is seen sometimes on murky, moonless nights a ghostly light. The white people call it Will-'o-the-wisp, but the Indians call it the lamp of the Ghost Woman. When they see it they bring the children inside and shut the doors, for they know the Ghost Woman is searching, ever searching for someone she cannot find, and she might carry them off in mistake.

The story goes that long years ago one of the Abnaki maidens was wooed by a white man, who had come among them to trade in furs. Just a few days before the marriage was to take place, the lover was called away on important business among his own people. Down to the big bustling towns he went, leaving his sweetheart sad, but confident of his speedy return.

"I will surely return and claim you in a few days;" these were his words.

Lonely, but hopeful, the maiden waited till the day set for his return was come and gone. Then other

THE LAMP OF THE GHOST WOMAN

days followed, gliding into weeks and months, until spring grew into summer, and summer at last died in the arms of winter.

The drooping maiden became the laughing-stock of her people.

"See what comes of loving a pale-face," they mocked. "Take one of your own people. When he returns—if he ever does—laugh him to scorn. Show him your pride and spirit."

Still the maiden waited, for she loved the white man better than any of her dusky relatives. She was very thin, and almost as white as the women of her lover's race.

One night in winter, while a great storm was raging, the maiden was startled from sleep by the sound of her lover's voice. She heard her name called distinctly—but in a faint, unearthly voice, that might have belonged to a spirit.

Convinced that her lover was wandering about outside, lost in the snow in the depths of the forest, the girl put on a mantle, took up her light and started forth to find him.

All night long the people in the lodges saw the light swing back and forth around the shores of the swamp. In the morning no trace was found of the maiden. Nor has she been found to this day, but on damp,

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

murky nights the glow of an unearthly lamp gleams and disappears again on the shore of the swamp where last she was seen to stand.

It was learned afterward that on the very night of the great storm, on which the maiden thought she heard the voice of her lover calling her name, he said good-bye to the people of his town, and started on snowshoes for the Indian village, intending to claim his waiting bride. He never returned to his own people, and it was thought he perished in the storm. The Indians hope that sometime the Woman with the Lamp will find him, and their re-united souls will go together up the Rainbow Trail to enjoy the rest and peace of the spirit world.

VI.

The Lonely Rocks of Bras d'Or

In the very early days all the eastern tribes, whether Micmac, Iroquois, or Algonquin, were cannibals. The heart of a brave enemy was sought after, because when roasted and eaten it was supposed to impart the dead man's courage to his conquerors. The blood, brain, and marrow of a fallen enemy were sometimes given to the boys of the tribe to make them brave. The eating of human flesh, however, other than that of a heroic enemy, was usually considered repulsive.

Once a wandering band of Indians in Cape Breton caught an enemy from a neighboring village, whose deeds of daring had kept them in terror for weeks. He was captured and led into their village at last, bleeding, bound, and doomed to death by torture; yet his step was firm, his head erect, and his eye proudly flashing. He danced, he yelled defiance, he sang his death-song, while his conquerors sat around their camp-fire trying to decide the manner of his death.

The mode of torture adopted on this occasion was the old one of making the prisoner eat portions of his own flesh. His finger, his toe, and strips of flesh

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

torn from his leg were offered to him as food. These he accepted and swallowed without flinching.

His captors were so impressed by his bravery that after his death they made a feast and invited their brother chiefs to eat a portion of the heart of their dauntless foeman. As soon as the feast was over they intended to move inland, and destroy the villages of the enemy. They thought now that this hero was dead their enemy would have poor protection and be easily overcome.

But, strange to say, after they had partaken of the feast, they found themselves unable to move inland. Instead their feet carried them to the seashore, and not able to stop there, they were forced to walk into the water, where they stood until the tide rolled in, covering them to the necks in brine.

It was the influence of the dead man's spirit, still powerful to destroy them, though he no longer lived. They howled aloud for mercy; the only answer was a mocking spirit voice. They struggled—and became more deeply embedded. Gradually the salt water hardened their flesh, until it became of a rock-like firmness.

They had turned to stone, and there you may see them to this day, lonely rocks sticking up out of the water at the entrance to the Bras d'Or Lakes.

VII.

The Origin of the Sea Pigeons

Once upon a time a group of children were playing on top of a high cliff overlooking the sea. It was in the spring of the year, and the bays and inlets were still covered with ice. In the huge cracks which opened between the ice and shore there were numerous seals, which as soon as the men of the village saw, they went out to kill with spears and arrows.

The children went on with their play, paying no attention to the seals; but the noise of their shouting had frightened the creatures, so that when the men arrived on the scene the seals had all disappeared. The men were very angry with the children, and one of them said, "It would be a good thing if the cliff would fall and bury those noisy children."

No sooner had he spoken than the cliff caved in with a loud sound, burying the children beneath it. They never returned to the village and the people considered them dead, but the truth was they had been changed by the kindly spirits of the sea into sea-pigeons, with red feet.

They have increased in great numbers since that day, but still make their homes at the foot of the cliffs.

VIII.

The Thinking Image

About half a mile from the old Hudson's Bay post at Nackvak, on the northern coast of Labrador, is a stone of curious shape. It is situated on a point, and when one approaches it from the sea in a boat it looks like a woman seated with her chin in her hand, deep in thought. And so it is, for the Eskimos relate that their ancestors remember when it happened.

A poor woman was once expelled from the village as an outcast. She never had any friends who cared for her and protected her, so as she grew older she became the slave of the others, afraid to disobey them lest they leave her to starve. At last it happened just as she had feared. She was thrown out and left to die on the rocks. In fact she was thrown into the water, but managed to crawl up on to the rocks to sun herself and consider what she should do.

She was very tired, and sat there a long while with her hand under her chin. Bitter thoughts filled her mind.

"I wish I were dead," she thought first.

Then she sighed,

THE THINKING IMAGE

"How nice to be a rock, like this one I am sitting on. Then I would never need to work, but just sit still and rest day after day."

Just as this thought passed through her mind a crow wheeled over her head. Now if a bird circles over your head three times, it is a sign that whatever you were thinking about at that moment will come true. The crow made three circles above her head, uttering his harsh cries. Just as he cawed for the last time the woman felt herself being gradually turned to stone.

She sits there to this day with her chin in her hand, thinking. It looks good to see her rest. The natives make offerings to her when they pass in their boats, of needles, tobacco, and matches. The women at different times have even put a necklace of beads about her neck.

IX.

The Snake Swamp

In the pleasant autumn weather, when the cranberries ripen, it was a common sight to see parties encamped in the woods, the men engaged in their big autumnal hunt, and the women picking cranberries for preserves.

One day while on their way to a certain forest, the women noticed such large, tempting berries that they wanted to camp right on the spot. A man in the company warned them that the berries grew over a swamp infested with horned snakes, and that was the reason they looked so ripe and big, because nobody ever went to pick them.

The men strongly urged the party forward, but the women looked longingly back toward the cranberries. At last one woman, who was noted for being wilful and stubborn, planned to deceive the men. She got three other women to promise to go back with her to the cranberry swamp.

"We will only venture along the edge," said she; "and, of course, nothing will happen."

The women stole away two of the horses, and riding

THE SNAKE SWAMP

two on each animal, travelled backward all morning. They reached the swamp, and with cries of delight started in to pick the luscious red berries. They became so interested in their work, that they forgot their danger. If a hissing noise sounded at their feet, they paid no attention to it. Then one of them looked around, and saw to her horror the heads of a thousand snakes under the bushes. These snakes were of no ordinary variety, for they were boned or horned, and their manner of attack was to coil in a circle and strike their foe with their bony tails. The women screamed and ran, but it was too late. Some got out of the swamp in safety, others were frightfully wounded, while the wilful creature who had led them into this danger was overcome and destroyed by the snakes.

The other women returned to the hunters and confessed what had happened. The husband of the woman who had been killed was much grieved. The head chief called a council, in which it was decided to destroy the snakes' den, though they knew it would be no easy task. They consulted the most gifted charm-ers, who advised them how to proceed. The men were to make arrows of black locust, using the best deer sinews to string the bows. Several persons were to busy themselves cutting wood and piling it around the shores of the swamp, so that a great fire could be

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

made. Some of the men had nothing to do but keep stirring the fire and piling on the wood. Then the best runners were sent to stir the reptiles out of their den.

Now the snakes, besides being horned, were winged, and when stirred leapt into the air and flew in the faces of their antagonists. The charmers who had instructed the people how to proceed had known this, for now the men cut them to pieces with their bow-strings. The reptiles tried to spring over the fire, but fell short and perished in it.

The snakes were so numerous that the fight lasted for hours. Some of the men were overcome, but the rest bravely kept up the attack. At last the big chief snake of all showed his head. He tried to jump over the fire, but being very heavy, dropped into the flames and perished there.

Then there was great rejoicing. The men burned all the dead bodies of the snakes, and last of all burnt the cranberries in the swamp, as they were poisoned. They had destroyed their enemies for all time, and had made the trail through the forest safe for mankind.

Legends of the St. Lawrence

- 1—*The Adlets.*
- 2—*Mandamin.*
- 3—*When White Men Landed at Quebec.*
- 4—*Pierced Rock.*
- 5—*The Big Snake at Lorette.*
- 6—*The Seven Brothers.*
- 7—*The Dwarfs.*
- 8—*A Lonely Lake.*
- 9—*The Flying Heads.*



I.

The Adlets

THE Papinachois of the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence tell this story, which they have probably received from the Eskimos of Labrador.

A woman on the Labrador coast married a Red Dog, and in the course of time bore five dogs. Now among all the tribes of the eastern coast more than one child at a birth is considered uncanny. Twins are either looked upon as possessing miraculous powers, or are thought to bring trouble and are destroyed. Triplets are seldom allowed to live.

So it was no wonder that the people of the coast forced the woman to rid the land of her numerous progeny. The young dogs were thrown into the water, where to the surprise of all they began to swim most vigorously, moving straight east until they were out of sight. The dogs eventually reached the other side of the ocean, and begat the race of white people who now inhabit Europe.

At the next birth the woman bore five human beings of monstrous shape. These also were doomed to

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

destruction by the people. When thrown into the sea they swam south, crossing the gulf of St. Lawrence, and landing at Gaspé. They engendered the Adlets, a race of terrible beings, having human heads, arms, and trunks, but walking upon the hind legs of dogs.

These abnormal beings, who so terrified the Indians and Eskimos of the northern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, were, probably, none other than the Micmacs of Gaspé, who frequently crossed the gulf and raided the northern settlements.

II.

Mandamin

A LEGEND OF THE IROQUOIS.

In the beginning of time Manitou formed a world peopled with man beings, but without their good qualities. This race of monsters destroyed itself and the world by a flood.

Manitou raised the dry land a second time above the waters, and formed a new, fine-looking young man, being careful this time to bestow on him such qualities as kindness, common sense, and caution.

But with all the world in his possession, the young man was dissatisfied, because he was alone. One day, while he was sleeping, Manitou brought him a beautiful sister to be his companion. On awaking, he received her joyfully, and together they lived for many years in a state of ideal companionship.

One night the young man dreamed for the first time in his life. He was greatly impressed, and thought the advice given him worth remembering and obeying. This is the dream, as he afterward related it to his sister.

"It has been revealed to me that five young men will

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

shortly come down one of the beautiful rivers of the north, and will visit this lodge, seeking to make the acquaintance of my sister. This will happen to-morrow night. Each of the five have many noble qualities, but you are forbidden to even speak to the first four, because the fifth is so much more worthy of your notice. The last one you will do well to receive favorably."

This dream being regarded as a direct warning from Manitou, the sister promised to observe its instructions faithfully.

The four young men who came in turn to the lodge, on becoming aware of the disdain of the young woman, either killed themselves from grief, or were killed by the brother of the maiden. Then happened a marvel. Where the blood from their dead bodies soaked into the ground there sprang up a strange plant, never before seen by man. The first rejected lover, Sama, became Tobacco; the second, Wapekone, became Squash; the third, Eshketamok, became Melon; and the fourth, Kojees, became Bean.

The fifth young man, whose name was Mandamin—that is Corn—found favor in the eyes of the maiden. They married and became the ancestors of the human race.

III.

When White Men First Landed At Quebec

One day some Hurons were lying under the trees on the north bank of the river St. Lawrence, near where the city of Quebec now stands.

A strange insect buzzed over their heads and settled in the heart of a honeysuckle near by. It had a dark body and golden wings, and they noticed when it had sucked the first flower dry it moved without delay to another. It was industrious, but greedy.

Their oldest chief looked very grave as he watched it.

"Now that which is foretold by our fathers is about to come to pass," he said. "Only last night I had a strange dream. I saw a queer object come over the water, which resembled this insect. It had a dark body and light wings. In fact it was a new kind of boat, and it carried a different race of people—those who dwell across the Big Water. It buzzed, as this insect does."

As he talked the people lifted their eyes, and, behold, the queer ship he had dreamed about was seen floating

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along the St. Lawrence river. It was followed by others, and gradually they increased in size, until their parts could be distinguished. Each ship had a dark hull, and light wings. As they approached they spit out fire and made a growling noise like thunder.

The sight that so alarmed the Indians was Jacques Cartier and his men approaching the rock at Quebec for the first time. The wings of the ships were the sails, the fire and noise was caused by guns on the deck. The little insect which had heralded their coming was the honey bee, which had come over on the ship from France, and had only deserted its quarters at the sight of land.



"Who placed this rock in the sea?" the Red Men asked.

IV.

Pierced Rock

GASPE PENINSULA.

At the extreme eastern tip of the Gaspé peninsula is situated a natural wonder, known as the Pierced Rock. This has been one of the famous sights of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for centuries, being described in the records of early explorers as the "rock having three arches."

At the village of Percé the land pushes out into the bay in a series of lofty sandstone cliffs, around the base of which the restless sea forever gnaws. At some early time the sea has worn a passage between the rock and the mainland. No longer is it even the rock of the three arches, for again the sea has worn its way through the far end and cut off a high narrow island.

In the clear atmosphere of the Gulf this gigantic rock stands as if but a stone's throw away. It is a great block of red sandstone, fifteen hundred feet long and nearly three hundred feet high. It is "pierced" because of the passage worn through it by the waves, into which opening it is possible to pass at high water in a good sized boat with full sail set. Thousands of

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gulls and cormorants keep up a lively commotion day and night, proving such a help to sailors that no lighthouse is needed to prevent vessels from striking the rocks.

“Who placed this monument in the sea?” the Red Men asked from earliest times. Who chiselled it out into symmetrical form, and gave it a flat top, like the resting place of a giant? Who, indeed, but Old Man himself? Being always more or less afraid of his twin brother, the Evil One, Glooscap had made his bed in the sea, and whenever he visited the region of the Gulf he retired to the Pierced Rock for a night’s safety.

V.

The Big Snake at Lorette

In early times snakes infested the neighborhood of Lorette, a village on the St. Lawrence river below Quebec. The name of the biggest snake of all was Oyalerowek. People used to hear the whistling of the monster under the falls near the village. For the snake had its home in a long cave which ran from the hill-top down to the river-bed.

The wise men of the tribe had warned the Jesuit missionaries that this was a dangerous creature, which at any time might capture animals or carry away children to be eaten in its foul den. They begged the priests to use enchantments, or some of the mysterious symbols of religion, to exorcise it and all its kind from the region.

One Sunday the Jesuit priest informed his people from the pulpit that the next Sunday morning after mass he would exorcise the Big Snake. He asked the men to attend church fully armed, and requested that all the women and children should shut themselves in their houses for safety.

Accordingly after mass the next Sunday morning,

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the missionary and the Huron hunters went down to the river's edge. The priest recited long prayers, and ended up by summoning the Big Snake and all his companions to quit the village at once. After awhile a dreadful whistling issued from the cave, and the Big Snake showed his awful head. The men were paralysed with fear, but the priest continued to pray and to sprinkle holy water.

As though reluctantly forced to obey, the monster slowly crawled up the river bank, heading toward the village. Lined up along the main street stood the men with loaded guns, while the women, children, and dogs peeped out through the windows. Whistling in a hideous manner, the Big Snake crawled past them toward St. Joseph Lake. The dauntless priest followed closely, reciting prayers, sprinkling the holy water, and carrying in his hand his ornaments and a cross.

The snake glided away into the woods. Some say it found a home in the bottom of Lake St. Joseph. The little snakes, which were left behind, were changed into stone that same day. The shapes of these may still be seen, encrusted in rocks along the river bank.

As for the Big Snake, he left his trail along the main street of Lorette. The chiefs forbade the people to fill the passage he had made, so that traces of it are still to be seen. No wonder the Big Snake left his mark, for his body was as thick as a log, and thirty feet long.

VI.

The Seven Brothers

Seven young brothers were so handsome and clever that they incurred the jealousy of the other young men of their village. The jealous ones consulted a worker of magic, who had fasted so long in the forest that he had a most powerful medicine, with the result that the sorcerer turned the seven youths into moose.

Away bounded the moose into the thick forest, and many were the speculations as to what had become of the young men. Even the parents hadn't the least idea, until one day seven fine-looking moose came up to their door and bellowed. These animals were so extraordinarily intelligent that the parents at once suspected them to be their sons transformed into animals by the power of a sorcerer. They fed the young moose and patted their glossy necks, and wept tears over them. The animals looked as though they wished to shed tears, too, but could not.

Then the parents called a council to see what could be done. It was decided to seek the advice of a witch who lived in the forest. She advised long fasting, and weeping, and laceration of their flesh. While the peo-

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ple were thus engaged she promised to go deep into the woods and gather the leaves of a powerful herb. This she would give them when they visited her again, for if they rubbed it on the tips of their arrows and shot the moose with them, they would turn back to their original shape at the very moment when their blood flowed out from the wounds.

When the appointed time had elapsed the people went forth into the forest to shoot the moose. They had armed themselves with long handled spears, on the tips of which was the juice of the mysterious leaves given them by the witch. Good luck attended them, for before going very far they came upon the seven animals feeding quietly in a valley.

They shot five of them. The others bounded away unhurt. But as the arrows and spears pierced the hide so that the red blood flowed, a wonderful change took place. They recovered their human form even as the spectators stood by watching them. Great was the rejoicing. It is hard to say who was most pleased, the young men who had been changed back to their human form, or the friends who loved them and had mourned their loss. The old father and mother of the youths went mad with joy.

But there remained a bitter drop in their cup of gladness. Two moose had got away unhurt, which

THE SEVEN BROTHERS

meant that two of the brothers were still lost to their friends. The old witch they had consulted could do no more. She realized that some higher power than her own had snatched the two away from her. She instructed the people to go yet farther into the forest, where lived a more powerful sorcerer.

The sorcerer could only reiterate what the witch had said. The animals must be shot and wounded so deeply that their blood would flow out. All he could do was give them a more powerful medicine, which would lead them in the direction into which the moose had strayed.

For days they followed the trail. At last they were rewarded by coming upon two moose. They wounded both of them, but found to their sorrow that nothing happened. The animals were just ordinary moose, and when shot died in the ordinary way.

Again the hunters took to the trail. But after many days of wandering they owned themselves defeated of their purpose and returned home. What was their surprise to see the two moose they sought feeding quietly a few yards from the village.

Again they shot, taking careful aim. They brought down one moose, but the younger again bounded away. The wounded animal immediately recovered human shape, and was glad to join his brothers, but grieved

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because his younger brother was still under the dreadful spell.

Now the younger brother had been the favorite of all the people. Indeed it seldom happens that seven brothers are born one after another without the last having magical powers, or turning out to be something very unusual. The people had prophesied that this one would be a great chief, or noted medicine man, or a prophet and law-giver. They could not allow him to remain in the shape of a moose. Again they fasted, prayed, and lacerated their bodies. Again they visited a sorcerer of very great power. After weeks of tramping through the forest they caught the remaining animal and drew his blood. With great joy they watched him resume his human shape.

Then the seven brothers were brought forward and questioned. What did it feel like to be an animal? Did they know they had once been human? Did they recognize their parents?

The young men replied that they knew perfectly well all that was going on, but they could not speak or do anything to help themselves. They would have remained moose forever, if their friends had not worked so hard to free them.

Their names were changed to suit the experiences they had come through. And a great feast was made

THE SEVEN BROTHERS

in their honor, at which they sang and related their feelings and doings as moose. At that very feast the youngest brother showed that he would develop into a worker of magic, because of the wonderful feats he performed.

The seven brothers never died in the ordinary way. Their brother, the magic-worker, saw to it that they had everlasting remembrance among the people. He changed them into rocks, last of all transforming himself into solid stone. They stand in the St. Lawrence river, quite a long distance below Quebec, and are called the Seven Islands, or the Seven Brothers.

VII.

The Dwarfs

A LEGEND OF THE HURONS.

It is not so long ago that dwarfs left the earth; indeed, some old people now living declare they have seen them. The Hurons used to say it was a sign of good luck to encounter a dwarf, and if they had a big enterprise in mind, like going to war, they would then push ahead with it, sure of success.

One day, three Hurons were paddling along the north shore of the St. Lawrence river at Baie Saint-Paul, which is sixty miles below Quebec, when they met three queer little beings paddling from the direction of Lorette. These beings were very small, and very old, but as their stone canoe glided along without paddles, they had to make no effort, but simply sat there enjoying the scenery, and chatting among themselves. Their voices were soft and their countenances benign; yet the Hurons took fright and pushed ashore, for they recognized them as supernatural beings.

"Hello!" called the dwarfs to the Hurons, when they met. "Hello! How are you? Is this Baie Saint-Paul? Why, only an hour ago we left Lorette."

THE DWARFS

Then the Hurons were more frightened than before, because considering that Lorette was sixty miles away, the rate of speed was tremendous.

They got to the shore, and ran away without so much as returning a polite answer to the dwarfs. Afterward they were sorry, for the old people of the village told them the dwarfs were good friends of the Hurons, and no doubt had come to bring them a gift or do them good in some way. All the people of the village turned out and ran down to the river to see if the stone canoe was still in sight. But it had disappeared into the dusk of evening, and was never seen again. And since that the dwarfs have never visited the St. Lawrence region again.

VIII.

A Lonely Lake

A LEGEND OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The loneliness of Lake Champlain in the olden days filled the superstitious minds of the Mohawks with awe. They thought its stillness was sacred to the Great Spirit, and if a sound should be uttered by a human voice in crossing the water the canoe would sink.

Once the wife of a settler wished to cross the lake in a canoe manned by several Indians. Again and again they warned her of the dangers of the trip, and earnestly they begged her to refrain from speech until safely across. The white woman listened respectfully, but did not give the promise.

During the first half of the journey the woman behaved herself wisely, sitting crouched in the canoe with her head resting in her hands. But when well out into the middle of the lake she suddenly roused herself.

Anxious to convince her Indian friends of the foolishness of their superstition, she threw up her hands and uttered a loud scream.

The red men trembled, and for a short space the

A LONELY LAKE

paddles fell from their nerveless fingers, for an Indian does not try to save his life when he thinks himself in the power of the spirits. Then they looked about rather shamefacedly; for nothing had happened. The lake remained unruffled. The canoe rode gracefully on the glassy surface of the water.

"You should know now that your belief is false," said the white woman to the Mohawks.

They answered not a word. After a short spell of indecision they had taken to the paddles again with great energy, and soon reached the shore in safety.

As the woman stepped out she laughed at the Mohawks.

"Will you not admit even now that your belief is false?" she demanded.

"The Great Spirit is merciful," replied the noble Mohawk chief scornfully: "he knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue!"

IX.

The Flying Heads

A LEGEND OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The Wyandots told many stories of The Flying Heads.

In the early ages the Wyandots were migrating from their native spot, breaking up their villages, and carrying with them all their women and animals. The load was very heavy, and progress slow. As they journeyed they came to a large river, probably the St. Lawrence. They found the river was owned by Giants, who would not permit them to pass. Here was a dilemma, indeed.

The Giants were all famous medicine men. They were as tall as pine trees, and were cannibals.

The Wyandots bravely made an attempt to cross the river, but the Giants who lay on the bottom thrust up huge hairy hands and dragged them down. Those Indians who were thus captured were borne away to the stone caverns where the Giants slept, and were tortured at the stake and finally roasted for eating.

The Wyandots called a council to see what was to be done. They fasted until a powerful "medicine" was discovered, by the aid of which they found out

THE FLYING HEADS

that the one way to destroy the Giants was to build a fire all around their island. Every night the Giants could be seen dancing on this island, and feasting on human flesh, but how the Wyandots could ring them about with fire was a puzzle.

The Little Turtle said, "I will call down the lightning. He can ring them about with fire."

The Big Turtle said, "Let all the warriors jump on my back. I will carry them along the bottom of the river under the water; so unseen they may approach the island of the Giants and be ready to kill them when the lightning has done his work."

This plan was carried out. The lightning leaped from the sky, and formed itself into a wall of fire around the Giants. The thunder helped by striking some of them dead with terrific bolts. The warriors rushed from the back of the Big Turtle just at the right moment, and succeeded in killing all the Giants that were left.

There was great rejoicing that night in the camp of the Wyandots. They took possession of the island, which is the spot on which Montreal now stands, and planned to continue their journey next day. What was their dismay, as darkness settled over the land, to see the heads of the Giants flying loose from the bodies, skimming along the top of the river, hair stream-

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ing with blood, pale lips open and uttering horrible screeches, screams, and yells. They flew along the river all night, and only disappeared with the light of day.

For years after that the Wyandots were plagued with the Flying Heads. They always appeared in rainy, foggy, or misty weather. They could approach a village wrapped in fog, and carry away children before the people recognized their presence. There was no doubt that they blighted the tobacco and corn also.

Fire was the only thing they could not face. Whenever they were suspected of being near the people kindled huge bonfires on the tops of the hills, and scared them away. If a thunder storm came up it was a great help, for the Flying Heads were terrified of lightning.

The kindly Dwarfs that used to live along the St. Lawrence, but worked only good to mankind, helped somewhat in driving away the Flying Heads. After awhile they left, never to return. Nobody knows whether they left of their own accord, or whether the Dwarfs frightened them away. Perhaps it was the lights of the growing town of Montreal that caused them to take their departure into the deeper forest.

Legends of the Ottawa River

- 1—*Origin of the Ottawas.*
- 2—*Why the Indians are Divided into Tribes.*
- 3—*The Plague of the Northland.*
- 4—*The Legend of Iroquois Falls.*
- 5—*The White Stone Canoe.*
- 6—*The Footprints in the Stone.*

I.

The Origin of the Ottawas

THE word Ottawa means to trade, and in the days of the first Jesuit fathers these people were noted for barter. At that time they were also greatly feared as being the most brutal of Indian tribes, guilty of cannibalism and other atrocities.

The Ottawas claimed that they were descended from three families of five hundred persons each. The first was that of Michabou, or the Giant Hare, a demi-god who was born in the island of Michilimackinac. This giant laid nets in eighteen fathoms of water, and invented fish nets after watching a spider spin a web. Among other things he decreed that his descendants should burn their dead and throw their ashes into the air, or the snow would stay on the ground all year and the lakes would remain frozen.

The second division sprang from Namepich, the Great Carp, which spawned its eggs on the shore of the river and left them for the sun to hatch. Out of one of them came the first woman.

The third division sprang from the Bear. They did

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not kill a bear unless they made a feast of its own flesh in its honor, so it would not be angry. It usually consented to be sacrificed after they had explained to it how badly they needed its flesh to make them strong and courageous.

II.

Why the Indians are Divided into Tribes

A LEGEND OF THE OTTAWAS.

The Ottawas say that in the early days the Indians all lived in peace and unity together, one great and powerful people, making use of a common language and customs. This is how the dispersion into tribes came about.

When Old Man lived among mortals his influence was generally kindly, though at times he was a mischief-maker. Cooking was one of the useful things he taught the people, and it was he who told them that the paws of the bear were a great delicacy.

After the people had grown very fond of this dish, the Old Man would go among them, distributing bears' paws, and enjoying the sight of people fighting to possess them. Sometimes these quarrels were very fierce, for the people thought that the man who carried about with him the bone of a bear's foot possessed a charm that warded off evil and made him successful in battle. They quarrelled so much over who should

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have the bones, that at last Old Man grew weary of their strife, and spoke to them thus :

“There is, indeed, a magic power in the bones of a bear’s foot, and he who possesses them shall be kept from much evil. You who pick them up so easily, as I scatter them from my hand, know not how to value them properly. Henceforth you shall only gather them with pain and difficulty. You shall wander far, and search diligently before you again possess one of these charms.”

So saying he opened his hand, and scattered to the four winds the bones he held there. Eagerly the people ran after them, but they travelled a day and a night before they came to the place where the nearest had fallen.

Thus they became widely separated. He who was lucky enough to recover a bone rested where he was, and prospered, and became the head of a family. Those who did not succeed in finding a bone fainted by the way, and died. Some went very much farther than others, and settled miles away from their old home. In time they forgot the friends they had left behind, and if they had seen some of their old relatives they would not have known them. Little children grew up who were different in looks and spoke a different language than the one formerly used by all the families.

WHY INDIANS ARE DIVIDED INTO TRIBES

After awhile when the tribes chanced to see each other they met as enemies; and when differences of opinion cropped up between them, they fought and tried to kill one another.

III.

The Plague of the Northland

Once there lived on the banks of a northern Canadian river a poor woman, who was in very hard circumstances. Against the wishes of her parents she had married a very wicked man, who ran away one day, leaving her to starve and freeze during the dreary season of winter. To make matters worse she had a very small baby boy, whom she could not leave while she went in search of food or wood.

By hard work and much suffering she saved her baby from death that winter, but many of the wise men of the tribe said she might better have let him starve, for when he became a few months old it was all too certain that he was going to take after his father and grow up to be a very bad man indeed. The little boy was marked on his breast by a queer, blue figure which looked like a death's head, and out of his forehead soon grew small sharp horns, pointed like arrows.

"He will kill many people," said the wise men of the tribe.

But his mother loved him, and petted him more than was for his good. When she caressed him he

THE PLAGUE OF THE NORTHLAND

fought her, and when she kissed him he spat upon her. Still she loved him and let him do as he pleased, until he grew so big that she became afraid of him. One day in a temper he struck her with his horns and killed her.

Fearing lest the men of the tribe should kill him for this dreadful deed the boy ran away into the forest, where he selected a cave for his home. There he lived until he grew up, no one daring to go near his dwelling place. The people knew he had much treasure hidden in his cave, which he had taken from travellers in the bush, and they knew he had killed many persons. He made a notch on his spear for every person he killed, and those who had seen the spear declared it was so rough with notches that he could hardly hold it in his hand. The deep cuts in the wood must have numbered fifty or sixty.

At last the men of the tribe called a council to see if something could not be done to rid the north country of this Bad Indian's terrors. They cast lots who should go out to fight and overcome him, and the lot fell on the Bad Indian's uncle, brother of the mother who had been slain. The uncle was a brave and noble warrior, but he puzzled his head for many days trying to think out a plan that would work successfully.

Finally he told all the people to stay closely at home, not daring to venture forth from the village even to

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get meat or wood. Then he went alone into the forest, carrying under his arm a bundle of straw.

The first day the uncle spent in walking around the Bad Indian's cave at a safe distance, and in selecting another cave hard by in which he might live himself. The next day he spent making a dummy of the straw he had brought wrapped up in a blanket, and placing it like a man on guard at the door of his cave. Then for many days the uncle did nothing at all.

The Bad Indian watched all these proceedings from his cave. He could not see that the dummy of straw was not a real man, and he naturally thought the figure at the door was his uncle keeping guard.

"He may stand there for a week before I will budge out of my strong and well fortified cave," thought the Bad Indian.

But when the uncle did not attack, and day after day passed quietly, the Bad Indian became very curious.

"I will go just a few steps along the path," he said.

The dummy at the door looked very much like a big, strong man watching.

"It is my uncle," said the bad Indian, "but he is a careless watcher. I could go up close and get a shot at him, and he would not know I was near."

Now the wise old uncle was keeping a very close watch within the cave, for he expected the young man

THE PLAGUE OF THE NORTHLAND

would do that very thing. When he saw the Bad Indian kneel to take aim, he rushed out of doors and shot at him, the arrow lodging in Bad Indian's breast. Quickly the young man ran home, drew out the arrow, and applied healing medicine, but the loss of blood made him so faint that he was in no shape to fight his uncle who now appeared at the door.

"Do not kill me!" pleaded he. "I have treasure here, and will make you rich, if you spare my life."

But his uncle was determined that the land should be rid of him.

"Prepare to die!" he shouted, bearing down on him with a great stick.

"I will do more harm dead than alive," threatened the young man.

His uncle laughed scornfully. With his great stick he beat out the Bad Indian's brains. But after he had done so he was surprised to see that the body still moved, that the eyes still looked at him, and the tongue still wagged. He began to think seriously about what the young man had said.

"So you will do more harm dead than alive, will you?" the uncle exclaimed. "We shall see!"

Dragging the body to an open space he burned it to ashes. Then sure that his enemy could do no more harm, he called the people of the village to a great

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rejoicing. They danced and sang the night away, because they were so glad the Bad Indian was dead.

Toward morning a wind sprang up, and stirred the ashes where the body had been burned. Then it blew harder and scattered them in all directions. As they scudded before the wind they were turned into the little black flies that ever since have been the plague of the North Country. So the Bad Indian does more harm dead than alive, for neither man nor beast is free from the pest that came from his ashes.



"The old cree-woman rose up and mocked them"

IV.

The Legend of Iroquois Falls

FROM THE CREE.

Once a party of Iroquois attacked and killed a band of Crees in the neighborhood of Iroquois Falls, in Northern Ontario. They spent two days in collecting the booty and bundling it up in shape to carry; for the spoils were very great.

All the Cree warriors lay dead on the ground; also most of the women. Many had been tortured, and some scalped. Only one old woman had been saved. She was a noted guide, and without her help they feared they would have trouble in getting out of the place with their load.

They asked the old woman about the journey, and she told them the river was very swift, breaking into rapids a little farther on; but that her people had always preferred to shoot the rapids, rather than take the longer way around the portage.

"If you are men and warriors," she said scornfully, "you will prefer shooting the rapids also."

The Iroquois were not lacking in daring, and they were very anxious to show their skill before an enemy

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who mocked them even in the hour of defeat. They decided to shoot the rapids.

"Better throw off the weight, and let your women carry the bundles by way of the portage," advised the old woman. "Remember the rapids are swift, and with a heavy load you might come to some disaster."

They did not know whether to believe their enemy guide or not. Finally they decided to take her advice; so let their women walk by the shore and carry the bundles.

"I will also walk with the women," said their guide.

"Ho, ho!" shouted the warriors; "you shall come with us to point out the way. Otherwise we could not be sure whether you spoke truly or not. You might be sending us to destruction. Only by coming along yourself can you prove your good faith."

"Very well," said the old Cree woman quietly, "I will guide you down the river."

She took her place at the head of the fleet of Iroquois canoes. Swiftly they glided through the agitated water. Surely they were approaching no ordinary rapids, for a sullen roar came to their ears, like the noise of a great waterfall.

As they neared the falls the Iroquois saw that they were very high, and that no canoe could go over them in safety. They tried to turn back, but it was too

THE LEGEND OF IROQUOIS FALLS

late. Fear was pictured on each dusky face. Then the old Cree woman rose in her place and mocked them. She told them that this was her revenge for their killing of her men-folks. She did not mind going to her own death, for it was glorious to take with her all the warriors of the enemy nation.

As she sang her death song, the canoes glided swiftly to the awful brink of the deep and dangerous waterfall. All went crashing over, and were never seen alive again.

V.

The White Stone Canoe

There is no more beautiful story cherished among the Ottawas than the legend of the White Stone Canoe. It is one of the best known of Indian legends, and has been made the subject of one or two fine poems.

Abeka, a good and powerful chief, loses his wife by death. His beloved Wabose has gone to the Land of Ghosts and Shadows, and he wanders about alone in the forest, and endures long fasts, until he sees visions, and hears the voices of the spirits talking to him.

These voices urge him to leave the Northland, and to travel south, until he comes to the border of a warm, flower-decked land, where he may see, if only for a short time, the spirit of his Wabose. But he must remember that he is mortal. He is not yet ready for the Land of Shadows, so it is likely the Ghosts will oppose him at every turn, and try to drive him back.

Fastening snow-shoes to his willing feet, he travels swiftly over the snowdrifts of the north, until at last he observes that the sun is growing very strong, and is melting the snow and ice all along his path. Bright-

THE WHITE STONE CANOE

colored birds are singing in the trees, and flowers are kissed into life by the warm breezes.

This leads Abeka to believe that he is on the borderland between the world of mortals and the Land of Ghosts and Shadows. He knows it for certainty when he comes to the dread abode of Pawgok, guardian of the spirit land. As Abeka has led a very good life, and has always been kind and helpful to the people of his tribe, Pawgok has mercy on him, and allows him to pass, warning him that he will encounter terrible dangers, and see strange sights, but if he persists, he will at last see for a short time his lost Wabose.

By the side of a mysterious lake lies rocking "a canoe of dazzling whiteness, fashioned out of purest white stone." In this he must cross the lake; and, if successful, he will find his wife somewhere on the other shore.

The lake is in a tumult. It is not easy to paddle across. Strange noises sound in his ears, and great monsters rise up and confront him. He sees other seekers of the Blessed Land upturned from their canoes, and sinking out of sight. He also observes that several little children ride safely through and reach the shore.

On struggles Abeka. In spite of howling winds and furious waves he makes progress.

"Ride on!" whispers a voice: "because you have

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filled the wigwams of the aged with corn, the floods will not overwhelm you!"

Again Abeka struggles forward, and makes a little progress.

"Ride on!" whispers the voice: "because you have been generous to a fallen foe, the floods will not overcome you!"

Then suddenly he discovers that another white canoe has been moving side by side with his own. Lo, in it sits his lost wife! Now the storm and tumult subsides, and together they move toward the Blessed Isles, landing safely on the delightful shore.

For a short time the lovers are re-united in heavenly bliss; but at last a voice reminds him that he is mortal, that his life-work is not done, and that he must return to his people. When he has accomplished a few more years of service among them, he may return in peace, to dwell forever with his Wabose.

When Abeka returns to his tribe, they refuse to believe his story, saying that his mind has been affected by his sorrow and fasting. He knows better, but cannot convince them. However, he wins their respect and affection by the life he lives among them. He fulfils his whole duty to them, teaching them to live nobly, and to make themselves fit to cross the magic lake in safety. Finally he disappears from the village

THE WHITE STONE CANOE

to return no more. His spirit has fled, to be forever
with his lost Wabose, who stands waiting for him on
the shore of the magic lake,

“Young and fair as when he called her
From the Land of Snows and Forests.”

VI.

The Footprints in the Stone

A LEGEND OF THE OTTAWAS.

Wiske-djak is the Algonquin name for the Canada jay, a mischievous bird which bothers the lumber camps. The name means meat-bird; and it is because this bird is so fond of meat that he follows persistently after human beings in the hope of picking up morsels they have thrown away. The lumbermen call him the Whiskey Jack; but this is not quite correct, as his name is pure Indian.

Wiske-djak was a ne'er-do-weel, always hungry, always begging, always disliked. He travelled from place to place, trying many schemes to get food and to make friends, but seldom succeeding. Once he came to Turn-back Lake. Near the shore was a rounded hill; and a little way off in the water was a small island covered with deep grass.

"I have found the home of the Big Beaver!" cried Wiske-djak joyfully.

And so it looked, the big round hill resembling a lodge, with the little island of grasses nearby.

What did the mischievous fellow do but break the

THE FOOTPRINTS IN THE STONE

dam at the lower end of the lake, so the water would drain away and make the approach to the beaver's house easy! It took a long time for the water to drain, and where it ran off formed a river. Wiske-djak was rather frightened, when he saw what he had done.

When at last the water was low enough to let him go and attack Big Beaver, he found that his prey was gone. As he looked around, he was just in time to see the end of the beaver's tail going over the dam.

Wiske-djak followed his prey down the river and across the Pembroke Lakes. Then they both came to the Calumet Chutes. One decided to plunge into the water, and the other was afraid and went around by the portage. In this way Wiske-djak lost sight of his prey. When he got to the end of the portage, the Big Beaver was nowhere to be seen.

Sadly Wiske-djak gave up the chase, walking slowly back up the Ottawa River.

At a little distance up the stream he saw some fresh tracks in the mud and on the stones.

"Aha, someone has been here!" he cried. "I will follow these tracks, and maybe I'll get something to eat."

So he walked, and he walked. He went to the lower end of the portage, only to find that the tracks turned

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again upward. At last the silly fellow discovered that he had followed his own trail.

The foot-prints of Wiske-djak are still to be seen in the stone of the Calumet portage. They have hardened there.

Legends of Niagara

1—*The Devil's Hole.*

2—*Monsters of The Great Lakes.*

3—*The Legend of Niagara.*

I.

The Devil's Hole

FOUR miles down the Niagara River below the Falls is the Devil's Hole.

It is not legend, but fact, that in 1763 a party of Senecas ambushed a British supply train going over the portage road from Fort Schlosser to Fort Niagara. Trapping them in this hole the Indians succeeded in killing ninety-seven out of a hundred. This was an outcome of the general unrest which followed when the British took over the forts of Canada after the fall of Quebec.

Ever afterward the red men looked upon the place with superstitious awe. They claimed to hear spirit voices and to see unearthly lights. They threw in many presents of tobacco to appease the spirits of the dead, but it was all of no avail.

The story goes that one night a young brave had to follow this trail. Usually the people of his tribe went miles around it by a longer trail, but circumstances forced him to take the shorter route. Once opposite the ill-fated spot, the spirits of the murdered pale-faces set up a whining, piteous to hear. The young brave

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stood for awhile silently pondering. His hair rose on end, and he shivered; yet he stood his ground and faced the situation. He considered how his people had suffered for their evil deed, and were still being punished by their great fear. Never could they wander along the river as in the happy days of old.

A new thought possessed him. The spirits would be appeased by nothing but a human sacrifice. What if he should leap into the river and give himself up for the good of all the others!

The spirits whined and called in the river below. The moon hid her face behind a cloud, as the young brave came to his decision. For a moment he hung at the edge of the cliff, then threw himself headlong to be dashed to death on the rocks below.

His body was never found. Indeed his people never learned his fate. But his death was not in vain. The voices from the river were never heard again.

II.

Monsters of the Great Lakes

Monster serpents once lived in the five Great Lakes. These serpents grew from the trunks of the Giants, after the heads were cut off and turned into the monsters known as the Flying Heads. The mutilated bodies of the Giants had been left to rot on the rocks above the river St. Lawrence, but after awhile the lifeless flesh wriggled off into the water, and in course of time new heads grew in place of the old ones. The only difference was that the water monsters were not Giants any longer, but Serpents.

These huge creatures delighted in plaguing the Wyandots, because they were the people who had killed the Giants. When the Wyandots went west the serpents followed. They crawled up the St. Lawrence river until they came to Lake Ontario. Then the Wyandots moved farther west, settling near Detroit. The serpents wore a narrow channel between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, which afterward became the Niagara river. They were never stopped long in their progress. They went wherever they wished. They made the rivers Detroit and St. Clair, by all wriggling along the same trail from one lake to the other.

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They live at the bottom of the Great Lakes now. It is they who cause the storms. Sometimes their scaly backs come to the surface, and appear as ripples. It is wise for anyone starting on a journey by boat to offer them a present of tobacco or food.

III.

The Legend of Niagara

Long before the eyes of the white man first looked on Niagara, the beautiful waterfall was known to the Indians. Roving tribes pitched their camps on both sides of the river, and often the arrows of the dark-skinned warriors whistled through the branches of the big trees.

One summer a band of Mohawks made their home at the river bank, just overlooking the cataract, on the ground now known as Prospect Park, on the American side. For many years this tribe had been strong in war and prosperous in peace, for it was governed by a very wise and powerful chief. Only when he grew old was the peace broken which he had made with his neighbors. Then the young men went on the war-path without his consent, and great trouble followed.

There had arisen between them and their neighbors on the Canadian side a dispute over the winter's supply of meat; and an arrow, aimed carelessly at a deer running full speed through the forest, wounded Black Hawk, the young Mohawk brave, who, as nephew of the aged chief, had hope of being head of the tribe be-

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fore long. The old chief commanded Black Hawk and his braves to turn back, and not to make war on their neighbors, until he should call a council, and inquire into the true cause of the trouble. But Black Hawk, with his young men, either did not receive the message, or pretended they did not, and swarming across the river, penetrated far into the forest on the Canadian side, seeking to kill the enemy and burn their villages.

For a long time no news came from Black Hawk and his band. The old chief feared something terrible had happened, but was too weak and ill to go and find out. What if all his young men had been captured and put to death by the enemy!

On the evening of the fourth day he stood scanning with anxious eyes the opposite bank of the river, and conversing with his daughter, the Gentle Fawn, whom he had made his chief companion since the death of her mother.

"Did you see the light on the sky last night, my daughter? Can it mean our young men are burning their villages?"

The Gentle Fawn did not answer. She knew what was in the heart of Black Hawk. He was very ambitious, and wished to make his name great among the young people of the tribe. For many months he had

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tried to win her love ; but the more he sought her company, the more she shrank from him. She admired bravery, and liked to see the young men run, and shoot, and wrestle ; but Black Hawk's dangling scalps sickened her. She thought him cruel and bloodthirsty.

"Black Hawk has grown to be a great man," she said slowly : "perhaps he will make himself chief before the old man is dead."

She saw her father's eyes narrow, and his lips set in a grim line. Perhaps she should not have spoken so plainly ; but she wished to warn him of what she had felt was coming for a long time. He, believing all his people were loyal, had not suspected this thing.

For a long time they both sat in silence. The Gentle Fawn had hidden her face against the rough hair of a young wolf, whose life she had saved from a trap, and whose cruel nature had been so changed by her kindness, that he had become her true and constant friend. Wolf was sometimes surly to other people, but toward his young mistress he showed nothing but protecting care.

In the meantime the roar of the waterfall drown the shouts of Black Hawk and his men, returning from their fight. That they had been victorious the old chief and his daughter saw at a glance. Fresh scalps dangled at the belt of Black Hawk ; while he also led

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a prisoner, who walked with head erect and fearless eye, though cruelly bound.

"The prisoner is Grey Eagle!" whispered the Gentle Fawn.

Grey Eagle was one of the younger braves of the neighboring tribe. She had seen him once before when he came across the river with his father; and they had talked together while their elders smoked the peace pipe under the spreading trees. How handsome and fearless he looked, as the young men, encouraged by Black Hawk, taunted and beat him.

"Where are the other men of his tribe?" asked the old chief.

"They are all dead," Black Hawk made answer: "this one would not fight, so was easily taken prisoner."

The old chief's brow darkened. So the son of his former friend was a coward! He had chosen the fate of a prisoner. Well, he should have it! But the young men should not taunt him, until a council was called, and the truth of the matter sifted out.

The Gentle Fawn looked long and earnestly on the face of Grey Eagle. She could not believe him a coward. More than once she had caught Black Hawk in a falsehood.

"To-night there shall be a feast and a dance, and the prisoner shall make sport for us," whispered Black Hawk, as he passed.

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She did not smile.

"See," he pointed, "the young men are gathering wood!"

She shuddered. She would not watch them piling the wood at the foot of the big tree to which the prisoner was bound, and where later he was to be tortured.

When no one stood near the prisoner, she glided to him, and said in a trembling voice:

"I know Black Hawk lies. Tell me the truth, and I will speak to my father."

A wonderful light came into the eyes of Grey Eagle, so that she thought she had never seen such a look on human face.

"You are kind," he said. "I will tell you the truth—but your father can do nothing."

"He is chief of all," she answered proudly.

"But he is old and weak," replied Grey Eagle: "and Black Hawk plots to overthrow him."

"I am listening," the Gentle Fawn reminded him, "because I wish to know what happened in the forest."

"I did not shoot at Black Hawk," said he. "My arrow, aimed at a deer running full speed in the forest, grazed his arm. The wound is nothing, though he pretends to be ill. I did not mean to wound him. I did not know he was near. Since your father and mine

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were young there has been a rule that each tribe should have its own portion of the forest for hunting. That is how they kept the peace all these years. So I and my companions felt free to shoot where we pleased on the other side of the river."

"But they call you a coward," the Gentle Fawn whispered, for to the Indian girl that was the worst charge of all.

"I stayed to defend the old men and the women," he said proudly. "I am ashamed to say that some of my companions ran away into the woods. If they had helped me, I should not now be bound."

The girl raised her dark eyes to his face with a look of deep pity, and once more there came into his eyes that wonderful light that was like nothing she had seen before.

"You are kind," he repeated.

"I will tell my father and the women," she said.

"But how many will believe it," he asked, "seeing that all your young men declare it did not happen so?"

She moved away, Wolf bounding at her heels, and for some time after she was in earnest conversation with her father and the women.

"Cease gathering wood!" the old chief commanded, standing upon a grassy knoll, in full view of the company. "The fires shall not be built. There shall be

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no feast. Or if feast there be, it shall be in honor of my friend's son, who shall be unbound, and made a welcome guest."

There was whispering among the young men, and some glanced toward Black Hawk, whose face at that moment was not good to see.

"Have I still authority?" thundered the old chief. "Is my word to be obeyed? Or is it the word of a child?"

He looked straight at Black Hawk, who refused to meet his eye.

The old chief was still very powerful. The older men, and the women, and also some of the young men, loved and feared him. As he made a speech, telling the true story of the fight, in the way his daughter had told it to him, many eyes filled with tears, and many faces turned angrily toward Black Hawk.

That young man, knowing his case was lost for the present, thought the best thing he could do was to appear sorry for his fault. Though rage filled his heart, he yielded gracefully to the older man, and walking across to where Grey Eagle stood bound to the tree, he cut the thongs and let the prisoner free.

"Be the guest at our feast to-night," said the old chief to Grey Eagle: "and when it is over be conducted in safety across the river to your own people."

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"Alas," replied Grey Eagle, "I have no people now. All are scattered or dead. The villages are burned."

Then the old chief threw dust in his hair, while the people around him wept loudly, over the fate that had fallen upon their once peaceful and prosperous neighbors.

"Then stay with us," invited the old chief, when the mourning was done: "Be as one of our sons. For your father's sake, you are welcome."

Grey Eagle accepted the invitation to remain, for he was faint and ill from the terrible experience he had come through. He was cared for tenderly by the women, with whom he soon became a great favorite, for he had a noble spirit, and knew how to be brave without being cruel.

Often the Gentle Fawn, sitting apart with Wolf at her feet, raised her eyes from her string of wampum to look on the manly figure of the young warrior, while a warm flush stole along her cheeks as he returned her look with kindly interest.

"But I am to be the bride of Black Hawk," she would remind herself quickly. "He is very powerful, and will be head of all our tribe after my father."

Black Hawk would, indeed, be head of all after the old man, for that was fixed by the councils of the tribe: but that the Gentle Fawn should become his

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bride was not so sure. He felt that she had never loved him very well, and now that Grey Eagle was there, jealousy ate at his heart. He made a vow that Grey Eagle should never have her, and from day to day plotted how he might do him harm. If he were chief all would be easy. But he feared to anger the old man, who looked on him with displeasure since the night he had raided his neighbors.

What he meant to accomplish must be worked by trickery; so day by day he carefully concealed the cruelty of his nature from the Gentle Fawn, and also took pains to become known as the friend of Grey Eagle.

The great feast of the hunter's moon drew near. Clear, sparkling days were followed by frosty nights. A beautiful rainbow arched the waterfall, hidden at both ends by the scarlet and gold foliage of the trees. Peaceful lay the Indian camp. The men were off hunting for the great feast, while the women dragged home loads of brushwood to keep the blue smokes curling up from the teepees.

"Let us have sports, contests, and races for a week," urged Black Hawk: "and let the prizes be worth the winning."

So he, and the young men who followed him, had their way, and all the week of the great feast the

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clamor of youths in games and contests mingled with the roar of the waterfall. Up and down the river trail they moved. They shot their arrows across from bank to bank. They dared its rapids in their canoes.

Many of these games and matches were sharply contested, being almost a matter of life and death to the youths who entered them. Some were cleverly designed to trap Grey Eagle; but in all of them the young man showed himself exceedingly swift and strong. No one could shoot so far as he; no one could run so fast. And Black Hawk became more bitterly jealous every day, as he heard it whispered that Grey Eagle would make the best head for the tribe after the old man was dead.

"Let the last contest be a very difficult one," the Gentle Fawn pleaded with her father. "Let the young men run down the river trail to the lake that lies north of us; and let them return, all in one day. Let the winner be chief after you, O my father, and let the prize he shall win be—*me!*"

This she said because she felt sure that Grey Eagle could easily outrun Black Hawk and the other youths. She had given her heart to Grey Eagle, and longed to see him take a high place among her people.

Black Hawk hid his rage deep in his heart.

"Let it be so!" he cried. "To-morrow, if the day

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be fair, we shall make the great test. He who wins the race, and returns to take from the hand of the Gentle Fawn the belt of wampum she has made, shall be chief of all, and shall have her who is fairest among women for his bride."

So it was decided in the councils of the tribe, after which nothing could change it.

Early in the morning, before the race began, the Gentle Fawn had a word alone with Grey Eagle.

"You must wear my charm of bears' claws," she urged: "it brings success in big undertakings."

This conversation Black Hawk overheard, and went away to plot evil against his rival.

"Stay closely beside your tent, my daughter," commanded the old chief, as he went away with the men. "Watch the river trails; and heaven grant that he who comes running to receive your belt of wampum may be the one your heart has chosen."

For a long time the Gentle Fawn heard the shouts of the men who cheered on the runners, then gradually all sounds died away and quiet held the river trail. It was a long, long day to the women who waited, and especially to the young girl who was herself to be the reward of the victor. Yet her faith in Grey Eagle never wavered. Was he not the fastest runner by far? And would not love speed his feet? He would come

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to claim her, and she must be ready for his coming.

She decked herself like a bride. She allowed the women to braid her long, black hair, and fill it with flowers. As the day wore on she sat quietly at the door of her tent, with the belt of wampum in her hand.

The evening was very calm. Even the thunder of the waterfall seemed subdued. She wished it would cease altogether, that she might listen for the footsteps and the voices of the returning men. But night came silently on. The sun dropped behind the forest, away across the river, and the evening star came out, and hung just above the waterfall. The light faded, so that she could not see if a runner came along the river trail; and the air became so chilly that she shivered in her bridal finery.

For the first time her courage failed. She who had never known fear trembled. The night birds, wheeling above her head, screamed harshly. They had come to warn her of trouble.

Suddenly a woman, who had been down the river trail for water, came quickly and touched her.

"They are coming," she whispered. "Grey Eagle is leading. But he is not coming by the river trail. He has taken a short-cut through the trees—it is by that right-hand trail he will come!"

The Gentle Fawn sprang to her feet. She would

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make his victory more sure by going to meet him! Catching up her belt of wampum, and calling to Wolf to follow at her heels, she ran down the trail the woman had pointed out, though the big trees made all before her as black as midnight.

Almost at once she heard a man come running along the path, panting for breath, as though he had run a great distance.

"Grey Eagle!" she called softly.

And holding the wampum in outstretched hands, she threw herself upon him.

He received the wampum, holding her tightly in his arms. By his first caress she knew her mistake. The strong embrace that held her cruelly, almost savagely, proclaimed Black Hawk. She had thrown herself into the arms of the man she hated!

"But Grey Eagle—where is Grey Eagle?" she faltered.

"He dropped out. He was not able to finish."

Then amid the shouts of the young men who followed him, Black Hawk led her, shrinking and half fainting, into the blaze of light made by the great fires kindled for the feast.

"You are my bride," he proclaimed before them all.

And she knew that by the laws of her people it must be so. Her father knew it too. In proud silence he bowed his head.

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Merrily the preparation for the feast went forward. The great fires blazed higher and higher. The women sang at their tasks; and most loudly of all sang the woman—false friend—who had told the maiden that Grey Eagle came running along the right-hand trail.

The Gentle Fawn sat apart, her head leaning on the shaggy coat of Wolf. Soon they would lead her into the circle, and the feast would begin.

Above the scene rose the hunter's moon, full-faced and kindly. It cast a weird light on the beautiful river, and made familiar objects around the camp stand out as clearly as in daylight.

The birch canoe of the old chief lay rocking on the water close to the girl's feet. At sight of it a swift resolve formed in the mind of the Gentle Fawn; and while she waited for the feast to begin, her hand idly played with the rope that held it, loosening the knot.

She stood up, when at last Black Hawk came to claim her.

"Come!" he commanded.

By a gliding movement she avoided him, and stepped into the canoe. The snarling Wolf kept the young man from seizing her. She smiled mockingly as the distance slowly widened between them.

"Come back!" cried Black Hawk, in fear; for he loved her.



"Pushed boldly out into the swift current"

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Still smiling, she pushed the boat into the current. The faithful Wolf, knowing her danger, leaped into the water, and tugged at the dangling rope. All in vain; the gliding river had received her for his own.

Breathlessly the people watched her from the shore. No human aid could save her. Swifter and swifter darted the canoe. Just ahead was the brink of the great waterfall.

Then they saw another canoe leap out into the current from a point farther down the shore. A solitary figure stood erect in it. Grey Eagle!

As he moved forward to join the maiden he loved, Grey Eagle sang his death song.

"Grey Eagle was leading—was leading in the race. But they set a cruel snare for his feet—and caused him to sink into a horrible pit of clay. But he grieves not, for he knows the victor has become the vanquished. The bread of triumph has turned to clay between his teeth. Grey Eagle goes to join her who is the twin of his soul. Together they will pass up the Milky Way to a land that lies beyond the stars. There his people, cruelly caught and murdered, wait for him. Grey Eagle is happy—is happy—"

The song died mournfully away. And the people, straining their eyes toward the raging cataract, saw in the bright moonlight that the two canoes came to-

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gether on that awful brink, hung poised a moment, then dropped from sight.

Grey Eagle and the Gentle Fawn, whom he loved, passed in spirit along the Rainbow trail into the everlasting silence.

The feast fires burned low. The voices of the women were hushed. The moon veiled herself in clouds. Alone on a grassy knoll stood the old chief, gazing out into the river, at the spot where the two canoes had disappeared.

"The Great Spirit knows best," he said. "I shall soon follow my children along the rainbow trail. Before I go into the land of silence I give my last command to my people. I decree that once a year, at the time of the hunter's moon, a maiden shall be sacrificed to the great river. She shall be dressed in bridal robes, and in her death song she shall lament the untimely end of my daughter."

So he spoke, and passed away into the forest, never to be seen again by men. And the people kept his command, and sacrificed a maiden once a year to the river, with great ceremony and feasting. Nobody knows when the custom was given up.

Legends of Southern Ontario

- 1—*Dekanawida.*
- 2—*What Happened the Mammoth.*
- 3—*How Corn First Came*
- 4—*Why the Bat Resembles Both Bird and Beast.*
- 5—*The Village of Souls.*
- 6—*An Adventure of Nanna-Bijou.*
- 7—*How Winwina Overcame the Giantess.*
- 8—*Ojistoh.*
- 9—*A Journey of Nanna-Bijou.*
- 10—*Spirit Rock at Wiarton.*
- 11—*Glenora Lake.*
- 12—*When the Wyandots Fought the Senecas.*
- 13—*When the Wyandots Fought the Whites.*

I.

Dekanawida

DEKANAWIDA—whose name signifies Two-river-currents-running-together—was a half-historical, half legendary Iroquois prophet, statesman, and law-giver, occupying a similar place in Iroquois tradition to that which Hiawatha enjoyed in the Algonquin.

Dekanawida lived, probably, in the middle of the fifteenth century, and helped plan and found the historical confederation of the five Iroquois tribes. According to tradition he was born near Kingston, Ontario, of a virgin mother, probably Huron by blood, but of Iroquois adoption. The story goes that he had seven brothers. Tradition gives him the rank of a demi-god, owing to the almost magical influence he had over his people, and the power with which he overcame difficulties, and the wisdom he exhibited in making laws.

Omens foreshadowed his birth, warning the mother that he would bring about the destruction of the Hurons by joining himself to the Iroquois. The mother and grandmother, from patriotic reasons, tried

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more than once to drown him, by thrusting him through a hole in the ice of the river. But after each attempt the child was found next morning unharmed in the arms of his astonished mother. Then the women decided that he was to live, and began the task of rearing him.

Dekanawida grew rapidly to manhood, and departed southward to begin his life-work, assuring his mother that if he met his death by violence or sorcery, the otter skin, flayed entire, which, with head downward, he had hung in a corner of the lodge, would vomit blood.

Dekanawida is credited with making many of the laws which raised the Iroquois confederacy to its supremacy.

II.

What Happened the Mammoth

It is well known that fossil remains of the mammoth, which once roved over the plains of North America, have frequently been found at different salt licks along the rivers of Ohio and Kentucky. One almost complete skeleton of a mammoth is now preserved in a Philadelphia museum. The Indians for many, many generations have cherished stories of these huge animals, which their first ancestors may have seen, and great has been the speculation among them what finally became of the beasts. The following would be an American legend were it not for the rather remarkable ending; as it is, it has a right to be included with the legends of Canada.

In very early times a herd of these tremendous animals came to Big Bone Licks, eating all the grass of the countryside, and beginning the universal destruction of the bears, elks, deer, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of man. The people were in desperation. They could not kill the huge beasts with their feeble arrows; the tough hides of the mammoth turned them off as though they were rain-drops.

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The Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he deigned to come down and engage in the earth battle. Seizing his lightning, and seating himself on a neighboring mountain, on a rock wherein his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen, he hurled his bolts into the herd, until all were slaughtered, except the big bull, who was the leader of his kind. This monster, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off one by one as they fell, and his movements looked like play. The Great Man of the sky shot faster and faster. The bull, catching one deftly, missed the next, which wounded him deeply in the side.

His spirit was broken. He knew that he could not fight with the Great Man of the sky. Springing around he bounded into the hills. The first obstruction he met was the Ohio River. This he leaped with one terrific bound. Every minute his speed increased, as Great Man's arrows followed closely after him. Then suddenly he came to a large sheet of water—nothing less than the Great Lakes. With a terrible roar and a leap such as no human being ever saw before or since, he cleared it, and landed far up in the North Country, where he lived for many years after he was driven out of the south.

The Five Nations, who lived in different parts of Ontario in the early days agreed to this story, and

WHAT HAPPENED THE MAMMOTH

added to it a good deal of speculation as to his landing place. At last it was generally conceded that he had landed right in the centre of Ontario, his huge feet making such a hole that when filled with water it became a lake. This is the Lake Simcoe of the present day.

III.

How Corn First Came

A LEGEND OF THE MOHAWKS.

All Indian tribes believe that there was a time, at the very beginning of things, when the earth was barren and unfruitful, when no trees grew on the mountains and no corn filled the valleys. They believe the different grains and vegetables came to them as gifts from the spirits, generally as rewards for good deeds done by their tribe.

This is the story told among the Mohawks about the coming of corn to the earth.

One day a beautiful Sky-woman slowly floated down from the clouds and alighted on the earth, beside two of their ancestors, who, having killed a deer, were engaged in skinning it, and roasting a part over a fire of coals. Light as the down of a thistle she came to rest on a mossy bank near by : and although apparently interested in the movements of the two chiefs, she said not a word to them.

The men were astonished beyond measure, but concluded that she was faint from hunger, and unable to speak from weakness. No doubt she had smelled the

HOW CORN FIRST CAME

roasting meat, and her desire for food had caused her to come near. After a short argument they approached her, carrying in their hands a choice piece of the venison, smoking hot and delicately browned.

The woman could not help seeing that they had offered her the best they had. She ate it with thanks, while they stood wondering at her graceful movements, and admiring her beauty which seemed more than earthly.

When the woman had finished she told them she had nothing with which to repay their kindness, but if they would return in one year to the spot where she was sitting they would find a reward for their generosity. Then she slowly rose from the mossy bank, and ascended, till she was lost in the clouds of heaven.

The two men returned to their village and at once related what they had seen and done. They were much disturbed in spirit, and walked about in a daze, as though they had seen a vision.

The people mocked them.

"Ho, ho! You have been drinking the fire-water of the Pale-faces!"

But they asserted that they were in their right senses.

The tribe, still making light of their words, moved from place to place during the year; and by the time

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the year was up most of the people had forgotten all about the promise of the Sky-woman. But the two men remembered it, and when the day drew near, they left their camp fires, left the feasting and war-making of their people, to take a long journey over hill and valley, that they might reach the spot where Sky-woman had rested.

"You are cowards if you leave the tribe when war threatens," the young braves mocked.

"Perhaps by going we shall bring a greater blessing to our people than even victory in war," they maintained.

Then all the braves laughed and jeered.

"The two cowards will take the safe trail over the hill! Be off with you then—come back when the war is over!"

Silently and with sad hearts, the two, who were now outcasts from their people, followed the trail over hill and valley until they came to the place where Sky-woman had rested a year before. A wonderful sight met their eyes. All the slope of the hill was green with strange new growths they had never seen before. Where the woman's right hand had rested there was *corn*; beneath her left hand, *beans*; and where she sat, *tobacco*.

So it proved that the two who were called cowards

HOW CORN FIRST CAME

brought to their people a greater blessing than even victory in war. They were joyfully received into their tribe again, and ever since corn, beans, and tobacco have been cultivated by the Indians.

IV.

Why the Bat Resembles Both Bird and Beast

A LEGEND OF THE IROQUOIS.

Once a great Iroquois chief fell ill just as his people were about to go to war. The planning of the campaign had been entirely in his hands, so that when he became sick all was confusion in the lodges. Not only were his own people left without leadership, but friendly tribes, who were waiting to join the expedition, were left in ignorance of the plans of the great chief.

Disaster, even complete destruction, threatened the allied tribes; for while they hesitated and drew back in uncertainty, their enemies pressed forward, and marched very near their villages.

Not the bravest man among them would go from village to village carrying a message from the great chief who lay ill. The danger of being caught by the enemy was considered too great.

Then out spoke the twelve-year-old son of the sick chief—worthy offspring of a heroic sire.

"I will carry the messages from village to village. I am so small the enemy may not see me."

WHY BAT RESEMBLES *both* BIRD *and* BEAST

In his desperation the stricken chief gave messages to his brave child, and instructed him about the course he was to run.

The boy had not gone far through the forest before enemy scouts observed him, chasing him, and letting fly their arrows thick and fast. The child was forced to hide in the underbrush to escape capture.

"Save me! Take me up into the sky with you!" the boy pleaded with an eagle who sat on a tree-top watching all that passed below; but at the first sound of a human voice the eagle flew screaming away.

"Carry me swiftly on your back to a place of safety," he cried next to a deer browsing hard by; but just then an arrow whistled through the trees, and the deer bounded to safety.

Danger pressed the brave child on all sides. His pursuers were almost up with him. Then all at once he noticed a little field mouse sitting in the grass, and taking the whole scene in with sharp black eyes.

"I will do what I can to save you," piped the timid voice of the field mouse. "I will gnaw the branches of this sapling, until they hang over you and conceal your hiding-place."

Industriously he set to work, for not a moment was to be lost. So on that long-to-be-remembered day the insignificant little field mouse accomplished a worthy

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

deed, at much risk to himself. The life of the chief's son was saved; the message was delivered safely to the different villages; and the outlying tribes were warned.

Do you wonder that the good spirits of the forest watched this brave deed, and that soon after the field mouse was rewarded? In a few days he felt that he was sprouting a pair of wings. He changed his habits of life, and began to enjoy flying through the air. He became the ancestor of the queer creatures which we call bats.

V.

The Village of Souls

ALGONQUIN LEGEND.

A young man of very noble character was taken sick, so that his life was long despaired of. While at the point of death he had a dream instructing him to go into the land of spirits, and receive from a man who dwelt there a wonderful bow rolled in birch bark. As soon as he recovered sufficiently he set out on the perilous journey, for no one before had gone to the land of spirits and returned to earth.

Ten brave men offered to accompany him. Four soon dropped out because of the hunger which pressed them. The other six followed faithfully many a day's journey. When they were in the valley which connects the spirit world with this, they followed the tracks of a small black beast, which would lead them to the cabin of the man who possessed the magic bow. A woman tried to turn them off their track by offering them some food from a stone dish. They were very hungry, but were warned not to partake of it. Having upset the dish on the ground they perceived that it was made of poisonous reptiles.

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On they journeyed, arriving at last in the lodge of the man who possessed the rolled bow. All were invited to try bending this wonderful bow, but no one succeeded but the young man who had been ill. It was presented to him as a gift, and he was invited to a sweat with the former owner. Emerging from the sweat-box, the young man perceived that one of his companions had been turned into a pine tree. From there they advanced into the real village of souls, from which no one had ever returned alive.

The question was how to get out again. All the young man's companions died in the effort, and joined the great company of spirits. They tried to induce their companion to remain, too; but strengthened by some meal which the spirits ate, and which will sustain the body for days, he emerged at last upon the homeward trail.

The region through which he had to pass was as thickly crowded with animals as it had leaves on its trees. These all eyed him fiercely and wished to destroy him. Here his magic bow came in handy. He could slay them as fast as they approached.

There was great rejoicing among his own people when the young man finally came back to earth. The feasting lasted for weeks with such dancing and singing as had never been heard or seen before. The

THE VILLAGE OF SOULS

youth became a mighty hunter and medicine-man. He took his wonderful bow wherever he went, and it brought him good luck. The people regarded him as more than mortal; and, indeed, he never died an ordinary death. When he was ready to cross to the village of souls, he went along the secret path known only to himself. He took his bow with him, so that its magic powers were lost to his people.

This story was first noted by Father Brébeuf, in his Jesuit Relations, and is said to be current among all Algonquin nations.

VI.

An Adventure of Nanna-Bijou

A LEGEND OF LAKE ST. CLAIR.

As a child Nanna-Bijou lived with his grandmother, for his parents had been killed in war. Even then he was full of tricks. It was he who poured water down the trunks of the maple trees, so that the sap to this day is thin and watery, and has to be boiled to make sugar. In his day corn stalks used to bear ten or twelve ears, whereas now they bear but two or three. It was Nanna-Bijou who pulled all the rest off.

Once Nanna-Bijou and his grandmother travelled until they came to Lake St. Clair. The boy saw both geese and ducks riding on the water, and wished to catch them, but could not think of a trick clever enough to deceive the wily birds. At last one flashed into his mind. He told his grandmother that if she would make him a sack he would go and get her something nice for dinner.

"What is it?" asked she.

"Never mind," replied her grandson. "Just bring the sack, and let me go."

He took the sack and went along the lake shore until



"Soon he was surrounded by a curious crowd of ducks and geese"

AN ADVENTURE OF NANNA-BIJOU

he came to a hill, with flats between the hill and the water. At the top of the hill he got into the sack, drew up the cord, and rolled to the bottom. It was good fun, and laughing loudly he prepared to walk up the hill that he might do it over again.

Soon he was surrounded by a curious crowd of geese and ducks.

"Ah," they said, "let us do it just once!"

"You go away!" cried Nanna-Bijou, still laughing with all his might. "This is the best fun I ever had in my life, and I want to do it over and over again."

Still they coaxed, more especially the ducks, who were very curious.

"Let us try! Please, Nanna-Bijou, let us try!"

"Well then, just once," he said. "Get into the bag, and I will tie the string."

Down hill rolled the ducks, Nanna-Bijou running beside the bag laughing very loudly. The ducks were not quite so sure that they enjoyed it, but to the geese who stood by and watched it looked like rare fun.

When the ducks reached the bottom of the hill, Nanna-Bijou untied the bag and told them to go away, as he wished to roll down hill some more.

At that the geese flocked around him.

"Let us try! Please, Nanna-Bijou, let us try!"

"Well, then, just once," he said. "Get into the bag, and I will tie the string."

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The geese willingly got into the sack, for had he not treated the ducks fairly, and let them out at the bottom of the hill? He squeezed them in together very tightly, so that they would not shake and jolt so much. Then putting the sack across his shoulder, he started to trudge up the hill.

Nanna-Bijou walked and walked, until the geese thought he must have left the hill far behind. They began to complain, "Nanna-Bijou, where are you going? Where are you taking us?" And he would reply, "I am going higher up the hill, so you will have farther to roll down."

When Nanna-Bijou came to the wigwam of his grandmother he laid down the sack.

"Get on a fire, while I go to the spring for water," he cried.

He forgot to tell her not to untie the sack, and overcome with curiosity the old woman pulled the string and looked in.

Whirr! Out flew the geese, beating poor grandmother on the face and head. By the time Nanna-Bijou came back there was not one left for dinner.

VII.

How Winwina Overcame the Giantess

A LEGEND OF THE RIVER DETROIT.

Once there lived in the Wyandot country a young man by the name of Winwina. He was very fond of making canoes, and spent much of his time sitting beside the river, fashioning them to his taste. It was his ambition to make one that was prettier and could go faster than any other canoe on the river.

So taken up with his work was he one morning that he failed to hear a heavy step coming through the forest. It belonged to a giantess, whom men had often heard of, but never seen. She did not wish to be seen by mortals, for she often worked evil magic among them, and she wished to be known as a mysterious and terrible being. She used a certain shrill whistle as she walked through the woods, so that if any mortal were near he could make his escape.

Either Winwina did not hear the whistle—being so deeply absorbed in his work—or he had a curiosity to stay and see the giantess. Anyway he sat in his boat on the edge of the water, with his back turned toward

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the shore, and painted industriously the ribs of the canoe.

Then the giantess shouted in a loud voice, "I have got you at last!"

The young man paid no heed; only pushed his canoe away from the shore, muttering as if to himself, "Now I'll cross the river and see if I have made it water-tight."

The giantess said, "There is more than one way of crossing a river."

And she stepped into the river, and began to walk across, her head just showing above the water.

The young man fled in haste; as he went filling one side of his mouth with white paint and the other side of his mouth with red paint.

The woman walked more slowly than he paddled, so that he easily eluded her. When she reached one bank of the river, he was always at the other side.

By this time the giantess was very angry; and as she once more prepared to cross the river she shouted in a voice that shook the forest like thunder: "This time I will get you."

The young man said unconcernedly again, as if talking to himself, "My canoe is not quite water-tight. I will now patch it."

Just to tease the giantess he climbed out on the bank

HOW WINWINA OVERCAME THE GIANTESS

to get his hammer, and began to pound on the bottom of the canoe. The giantess soon came up with him, and he was forced to get away quickly, leaving his hammer in her possession.

In her anger she hurled the hammer at his head. He dodged it, and it struck a big rock along the shore. Instead of bounding off, it buried itself in the rock, smashing it to a thousand splinters. One of these splinters flew into the eyes of the giantess.

"That young man is a worker of magic!" she cried, as she ran away howling with pain; "there is no use fighting him."

As she retreated she picked up one of the splinters of stone and threw it at him. Immediately out of his mouth came a stream of red liquid.

"I have wounded him!" she cried joyfully. "See the blood flow!"

But it was only the red paint he had put in one side of his mouth.

She threw another stone at him, and this time a stream of white liquid flowed from his mouth.

"He is dead!" cried the giantess. "See his brains running out!"

But it was only the white paint he had in the other side of his mouth.

When she saw that he did not die she became dis-

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couraged and afraid. She became convinced that he was a worker of magic. Soon after she left the place, to return no more. The people were glad, and they thought too that the young man had magic power. But he tried to tell them that he possessed nothing more magical than courage on that day when he matched his wit against the giantess.

VIII.

Ojistoh

A LEGEND OF THE MOHAWKS.

Ojistoh, beautiful White Star, was the favorite wife of a great Mohawk chief. To others he was cruel and revengeful, but to her who was the guiding star of his life he was nothing but love and tenderness.

This chief was a great hero in the eyes of his own people. He was the heart and soul of their every enterprise. His wisdom was their great defence in war, and it was his counsel that kept them united, always able to put an unbroken front to the enemy. Great was the power and influence of Ojistoh, the woman at the back of him, the secret source of his strength.

Just as he was loved by his own people so cordially was he hated by his Huron enemies. No wonder; for he had flung more Huron braves into their graves, had scalped more of them, and burned more of their villages than any other foe.

At last the Huron braves held a counsel to consider how they might break his power. Their burning desire was to lay his proud head low; yet they dared not meet him in open conflict. All courage left them at

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sight of his deadly scalping knife, and tomahawk dripping with blood.

A crafty old Huron made this suggestion.

"Strike at his pride through the thing he loves best. Take his White Star from him, and his success in war will be at an end."

A reward would be given any youth who stepped forward and offered to steal White Star from the Mohawk. It was a long time before the challenge was taken up, but at last a young chief of the Hurons offered to make the hazardous attempt.

On a day soon after, it happened that while the great Mohawk hunted miles away in the forest, White Star roved the valley near her home, gathering flowers, and singing happily of him she loved. Presently she was surprised by the appearance of a stranger, who approached with all due respect and asked for a drink of water from her cup. His appearance was pleasing, and his words were sweet and flattering. In a short time his words became full of open admiration, and he avowed that he had come to woo her.

"Do you not know that I am the wife of the greatest of all the Mohawk chiefs?" she answered proudly.

Then as he continued his coaxing, honeyed words, it flashed upon her that this was one of the hateful Hurons in disguise. His speech and manners betrayed

him as the deadly enemy of her husband. She was sure an evil purpose lurked under his smooth exterior. In short he meant to carry her away against her will.

White Star thought quickly. A fight between them would be short and unequal. His greater strength would surely prevail, and then as a despised prisoner she would be bound and flung across his pony's back, and forced to accompany him to his home. No! This must never happen! A hundred deaths would be preferable! She must use her wits to prevent such a disaster.

"Am I not as handsome as the Mohawk?" demanded the Huron.

"You are very handsome," answered White Star, dropping her eyelids.

"Then if you are weary of your blood-thirsty chief come with me," he coaxed.

She looked up at him shyly.

"I am weary of him—but if he should come upon us in the forest he would slay us both."

"That can never happen," argued the Huron. "I am as great a warrior as he; and besides I know a new trail through the forest where he will never come."

With becoming reluctance and hesitation White Star mounted behind him on the horse, and away they dashed through the forest. The Huron proved his

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fear of the great Mohawk by the reckless haste with which he retired from the spot. The horse was lashed to foam, and spurred forward over creek and underbrush and open plain.

Behind her conqueror sat White Star, her hands grasped roughly in his, her cheek against his naked back. From her position she could just see the outline of his cruel, sneering face.

Her voice was very soft, as she whispered in his ear.

"Loose my hands a little. And slack this furious pace. Let us forget that we have been enemies. I love you now—love you better than the Mohawk."

The horse was stopped; the cruel fingers loosened their grip. Only he drew her arms around his waist, and turned his face until their lips met.

"I love you," whispered White Star: "you are handsomer than my Mohawk."

Her hand stole farther around his waist, to the place where his scalping knife hung from his belt.

"I love you," she breathed in his ear—and plunged his scalping knife into his back up to the very hilt!

Leaving her hated enemy in his death struggle on the ground, White Star mounted the foaming horse, and rode swiftly away to freedom and the home of her Mohawk.

Already he was searching for her, fearing some

OJISTOH

dreadful calamity had overtaken her. Proudly and tenderly White Star approached him, holding up her blood-red hands.

“My hands all wet, stained with a life’s red dye,
But pure my soul, pure as those stars on high,
My Mohawk’s pure white star, Ojistoh still am I.”

IX.

A Journey of Nanna-Bijou

AN OJIBWAY LEGEND.

Nanna-Bijou was once travelling eastward along the north shore of Lake Huron. His thoughts were filled with plans for doing good to his people, whom he soon expected to leave.

First of all he saw a very large beaver. It must have weighed over five hundred pounds. He tore up a tree by the roots, to spear the beaver with, but only succeeded in wounding it.

"Now what could I carry as a present to my people?" he wondered.

Just then a flock of ducks flew up from a marsh. Nanna-Bijou took up a stone to hit one of them, being hungry. To his surprise the stone brought down half a dozen. He saw that it was a magic stone, and put it in his pocket to give to his people.

So travelling swiftly, he came to the French River. Along its banks he picked some glossy green leaves from a little plant. It was winter-green. He put it in his pocket and hurried southward.

"Now I know what present I shall make my people,"

A JOURNEY OF NANNA-BIJOU

he exclaimed. "I shall teach them the use of herbs for medicine."

So he gathered a great variety.

In the end the giant reached Lake Couchiching. Being very weary, he sat down at Quarry Point, on a large flat stone, where he made an impression which is there to this day. Nanna-Bijou was a very heavy man, and the impression he made is two and a half feet square and eight inches deep.

X.

Spirit Rock at Wiarton

Overlooking Colpoy's Bay, on the mainland near the town of Wiarton, is a curiously shaped rock. It looks as if it had been carved by some mighty hand into the face of a woman. It is called Spirit Rock.

Spirit Rock is seen best from the water. On entering the bay and looking up in the direction of the town, the rugged outlines of the huge face are observed to the best advantage.

It is said that near this spot a beautiful Indian girl lived in the days of long ago. It was her fate to love a man who was faithless to her. On the promontory overlooking Colpoy's Bay a violent lover's quarrel took place. The Indian maid and her faithless lover decided to part forever, he to return to his own people farther inland; she to remain shamed and disgraced in her native village.

Her proud nature would not bear the insult. In full view of her lover, who was turning to leave her with scornful words on his tongue, she leaped from the rock into the bay far beneath. Her body was never found.

SPIRIT ROCK AT WIARTON

At that time no face was marked on the rock. But soon after the people were surprised to see the features of a woman stamped thereon. Most wonderful of all it looked like the face of the maiden who had perished there for love. How the face came there remained a mystery, but it was thought to be the work of the water spirits.

The stone face of Spirit Rock worked the destruction of the faithless lover, as time went on. One night he was passing up the bay in his canoe. He had not seen the face, and had not heard that it was there. Coming upon it suddenly, and recognizing the face of the girl whose destruction he had caused, he became so frightened that he upset his canoe and sank to the bottom. In his death the spirit of the maiden appeared to him. She loved him still, and when he cried for mercy, she forgave him. Gently she led him up the rainbow trail, and they entered the spirit world together.

XI.

Glenora Lake

In Prince Edward County, near the town of Picton, is a high level lake, known as Glenora Lake. It is, probably, a mile across, and is very deep. In fact, the people around there claim it has never been fathomed. It is thought to have its source through an underground channel from Lake Erie, because the two lakes have a similar altitude. Certainly it is not fed by Lake Ontario, by which it is surrounded, because Ontario is many feet below.

Glenora is not fed by streams, as other lakes are, and lies there in the hills like a great natural reservoir, seeming to substantiate the Indian legend that long, long ago it was a "Smoking Mountain," that is a volcano.

The Indians have always regarded it with superstitious awe, and have thrown into it many presents of tobacco and trinkets, to pacify the angry spirits which dwell there.

XII.

When the Wyandots Fought the Senecas

It will be seen from this account that the different Indian tribes were wont to exaggerate a victory and minimize a defeat. This war ended in the extermination of the Wyandots and their final dispersion, yet is spoken of here as a victorious campaign by the Wyandots.

The Senecas made war on the peaceful Wyandots. Always the ambition of the bloodthirsty Senecas was to rule. So for years they fought the Wyandots, who would not yield to them. Quite often the Wyandots overcame them in battle, and extracted a promise from them to refrain from further bloodshed; but the Senecas never kept their promises.

At this time the Wyandots were led by their great chief Sayetsuwat, whose name means Big Forehead. This chief had previously led war parties against the Cherokees with great success. He was a hard man to overcome, and knew many tricks.

Big Forehead prepared a trap for the approaching Senecas. He ordered his men to stick their poles into

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the bottom of the river the enemy was to cross, and to fix strong fish-hooks into the tops of them. When the leader of the Senecas came to the place, he said, "Here is the place to cross. It is a ford. And, besides, I see here the footprints of the enemy. They have just passed on ahead."

So they jumped down the bank, and waded into the mud. All of them were caught on the hooks, and were easily killed by Big Forehead and his followers. Only a few fugitives escaped, but these went back and told lies to their people, who agreed to send out another expedition against the Wyandots the following season.

Once more the Senecas tracked Big Forehead and his men through the forest. It was a hard fight this time, and for four days the Wyandots had nothing to eat. Their friends' villages were far away. When it became late afternoon, and hope of reaching a friendly village had almost died in their breasts, Big Forehead raised an arm to the sun and asked it not to go down till they came to their journey's end. The sun, who loved to see a fight, consented, and let his light shine until Big Forehead and his men reached a place of safety. The people gave them food, after their four days' fast, so that their strength was renewed.

"Now," said Big Forehead, "the time has come when

WHEN WYANDOTS FOUGHT THE SENECA

all the Senecas must be exterminated. They have broken one promise after another. We will spare them no longer. All shall die."

He planned to reach the camp of the Senecas during the feast of the White Dog. This was an elaborate Iroquois religious ceremony, in the course of which a white dog was burned. The soul of the dog was supposed to ascend in the smoke of the sacrifice, and carry with it the prayers of the people to the sky gods. The Senecas were so engrossed with this ceremony, that they failed to see their foes approaching. They were all captured, but the head chief. Later he was found hiding under a big iron pot, which he had turned upside down. He, too, surrendered, and begged for mercy.

After a solemn pact was agreed on, he was released. He returned to his home, and never after that did the Senecas return to make war on the Wyandots.

XIII.

When the Wyandots Fought The Whites

Often the Wyandots fought the white men.

Once it happened this way. The whites had captured two Indian maidens, whom they carried away as slaves. While the white men rode their horses the Indian girls walked alongside. They grew very tired, yet walking proved their salvation, for their footprints showed in the sandy trail, and their people followed hard after them in the hope of rescuing them.

Especially were their brothers hot in pursuit. The girls felt the presence of friends near, though they saw no one. This gave them courage, and every night, when they rested, they considered plans by which they might outwit the enemy, and give their friends a chance to overcome them.

It was part of the work of the captive girls to prepare a place to rest for their captors. Every evening they stuck a few short forked sticks in the ground, and fastened poles between them, holding all together by means of bark ropes. Across these poles the warriors would stretch their legs to rest them.

WHEN WYANDOTS FOUGHT THE WHITES

One night their brothers drew near and whispered so faintly that it sounded like the sighing of the trees.

"Next time you camp tie the legs of the white men to the poles as they sleep. We are near. When you whistle we will come."

"How shrilly the wind whistles in the pines," observed the white soldiers, as they lay down to rest. But they soon forgot it, and fell into a sound sleep.

As soon as the white men slept soundly one of the Indian girls whistled. Their brothers, followed by many warriors raised a blood-curdling war whoop and rushed to the attack. A large number of white men were thus massacred. The girls were rescued, and all returned to the Indian village in triumph.

On another occasion three Wyandots were overtaken by white men and made prisoners. They were placed for safe keeping in an old fort which used to stand near the Detroit river on the Canadian side. This fort stood on open ground, in a place where there were no trees, so that the presence of enemies might be easily detected. From this place the three Wyandots escaped; but were pursued.

The thing the Indians most dreaded about a chase by white men was the keen-scented dogs they used in the search. This time many of these animals were in hot pursuit, when the Wyandots, thinking all was lost, fell exhausted beside a dead tree. With the last bit

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of strength they possessed, they managed to crawl into the hollow trunk. The wind favored them, for it turned at once from blowing out of the east and began to blow out of the west. The hounds could not get the scent, and passed the hollow tree sniffing and whining in a very bad temper. For hours the Indians lay there, afraid to move. After a whole day they crawled out and made for home, the stars being their friendly guides during the night. Disheartened the whites gave up the pursuit, and went back without prisoners.

Now it was never thus with the Wyandots. When they set out to attack the white settlements they never failed to capture prisoners. Once in their hands the whites never escaped. They were famous for their success in carrying off white children, whom they treated kindly, and adopted into their families. A great many names of white people are to be found among the Wyandots to this day. They come from people of mixed blood caused by the intermarriage of these white prisoners with the Indians. During the stormy days of the eighteenth century, scores of children were carried away from the white settlements, and their descendants are still to be found among the Wyandots around the Detroit river, and also in far distant Oklahoma, to which part the Wyandots finally migrated.

Legends of Lake Superior

- 1—*A Race for Life.*
- 2—*The Sleeping Giant: A Legend of Port Arthur.*
- 3—*The Legend of Mount Mackay.*
- 4—*Nanna-Bijou Goes Fishing in the Kaministiquia River.*
- 5—*The White Man's Foot. A Legend of Thunder Bay.*
- 6—*The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior.*
- 7—*Nanna-Bijou's Blanket: A Legend of the Nipigon River.*
- 8—*The Peeping Squaw: A Legend of Port Arthur.*

I.

A Race for Life

A LEGEND OF THE OJIBWAYS.

ONCE three Ojibways went out fishing in a canoe. Suddenly they saw approaching an Iroquois war canoe, manned by ten warriors in paint and feathers. Clearly their design was to chase the Ojibways and destroy them.

The Ojibways raced ahead of their enemies with full speed; but the Mohawks, though they used snort paddles, gained on them. One of the Ojibways seemed lazy. Sitting in the middle of the canoe he refused to paddle, though the man at the bow and the man at the stern paddled like mad.

"Pull!" they urged him; "don't you see the Mohawks are gaining on us?"

But he would not paddle. On came the enemy, until their breath could almost be felt on the necks of the Ojibways.

"Paddle," commanded the two men to their companion, "or we will fling you into the river."

"Let me sit in the front of the canoe," whined the big fellow.

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"Sit still," they made answer, "or you will tip the boat."

"If you don't let me get in the front we'll all die," said the big fellow.

Somehow or other they let him pass to the front of the canoe. Composedly he reached into the pocket of his coat, and opening his medicine-bag drew out the skin of an Ahzig, that is to say a shell drake. This skin had the feathers, wings, and feet of the drake all on it. The big fellow fastened it to the front of the canoe, and began to repeat softly, "Ahzig, ahzig!"

The skin began to flap its wings and work its feet, for all the world like a real live shell drake, skimming along the top of the water. It took the canoe along at such a terrific speed that they soon turned a curve of the river and left the Mohawks out of sight.

II.

The Sleeping Giant

A LEGEND OF PORT ARTHUR.

The Sleeping Giant rests in purple pall,
With folded arms upon the dusky height;
Around his feet the breakers rise and fall,
While o'er his breast the sea-gulls wing their flight.
Amid the storm or sunshine calm he lies,
While ebbs and flows the tide of human life;
With face intent he looks upon the skies,
While mankind frets and fumes in wearied strife.

(From a Sonnet by J. Henderson.)

As seen across the bay from Port Arthur, the top of Thunder Cape presents the outline of an immense reclining figure, which the Indians call Nanna-Bijou, or the sleeping Giant. How it came there is a story long cherished by the Ojibways.

The word Ojibway means "pucker." They may have been called so because they wore a pucker in the heel of their moccasins, or, perhaps, because they put their enemies into such a pucker of fright. The Ojibways came up to the Soo in the seventeenth century, from some far distant place in the east; and while many stayed at the Garden River, others pushed on

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to the north shore of Lake Superior. Chief Shinwauk and his tribe settled on Isle Royale. It was a mysterious region in those days. The Indians thought that the Thunder Bird had a nest up on Mackay Mountain, where young thunders were frequently hatched, and turned loose to work destruction. Also Nanna-Bijou, the giant, a queer mixture of good and evil, and second only to Manitou in power, was known to visit the shores.

One morning at early dawn, Shinwauk and his tribe on Isle Royale saw Nanna-Bijou coming in his snowy boat, made of bird's skins. At the prow sat the Thunder Bird, his eye lightning, his voice thunder. Yet the tribe did not fear, for this was a good omen. Nanna-Bijou was usually friendly, and it was only when the giant went away that sickness and famine visited the tribe.

This morning he moved forward in his boat, all wrapped about in a mystic rosy light. With him was his old grandmother Nokomis, who amused herself painting the feathers of the birds fresh every spring, and making the eyes of the aged Ojibways as clear as the sun.

Now the giant guarded the bay with the help of his four brothers, the winds, Wabin, Kabin, Kabikowk, and Shadwana. And it was well worth guarding, for they knew a great secret concerning it. After putting

THE SLEEPING GIANT

Shinwauk's tribe on oath, the giant told them the secret, how there was an underground passage leading from Silver Islet to the highest cliff on Thunder Cape. This little islet was like a solid dome of silver, and it was worked by the giants. The Indians of the present day still insist that this is true, for they say they have found in old parts of the mine big shovels that no mortal could lift, and also blocks of ore weighing a ton. The giant told them that no white men must ever be allowed to find the silver on the island, and to make it more safe instructed that it should only be opened by the double-headed key kept in the nest of the Thunder Bird.

The Ojibways guarded their secret jealously. But they carried so much silver on them when they went to war, that other tribes grew suspicious, and only waited for a chance to spoil everything.

Now Shinwauk had a beautiful daughter, whose name was Woo. At the time of her birth her god-father, Nisha-nahma, had given her power over everything that lived in the water; so when the Indians wished the fish to spawn upstream, Woo would wave a branch of red maple over the water, sending them wherever she wished.

Such was the happy state of affairs among the Ojibways when Atatharho, a bad Sioux, came among them,

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determined to learn their secret. Atatharho crawled into a rotten birch log, and listened to Nanna-Bijou speaking to the tribe concerning the secret. Several Ojibways came and sat on the log, making the teeth of the bad Sioux chatter with fear. At last he caught the sign word, "Shuniah," meaning silver, and he learned the truth about the underground passage. Finally he heard the giant say, "If this secret is ever given to a pale-face it means death to all the tribe."

Atatharho sped like an arrow down to the Soo to tell his own people. But he could not hold the great secret, and when he met two white men on the way he told it to them. Now white men have never been afraid of many mysterious things that make poor Indians tremble, so these two white hunters, glad to hear of a real silver mountain, decided to push their boat at once to the cape.

Then Atatharho became very much alarmed, for he knew the giant would be angry, and some great disaster would follow. He paddled off to the Kaministiquia River, and sat there in his canoe, thinking to witness the fury of the Thunder Bird from a safe distance. The usual rosy light hung over the cape, but as the hunters neared the island it became dark as night. The Thunder Bird began to scream, and shafts of lightning darted from his eyes. Soon the waters of the bay were churned to foam, and the boat

THE SLEEPING GIANT

of the pale-faces was lost from view. For four days the terrific storm raged, while no Indian poked his head from cover. Then the few Ojibways who survived ventured forth. In a canoe that floated among the weeds of the Kaministiquia River, they found Atatharho, scathed with fire, his hair turned white as snow, delirious, dying. He moaned, "The mountain is in flames; the rocks are shaken; I have ruined the world!" Then he died.

As the Indians looked toward the cape, they saw that a vast upheaval had taken place. The giant lay on his back, with face to the sky, like a mighty hero on his tomb. Certainly he was never seen alive again. Also the quiet water of the Soo, where Woo loved to stand and wave back the fish, was changed to rapids. The double-headed key was gone, and had been used to unlock the gateway of the Big Sea Water to the white men. It had taken the shape of the two mighty canals at the Soo, which opened Lake Superior to the world's traffic.

Now when a storm is coming, the thunder over the cape is very loud and terrible, and the Indian children run in and say, "Nanna-Bijou is angry!" They think the Sleeping Giant lies there to guard the little Silver Islet, so that white men cannot get it.

III.

The Legend of Mount Mackay

Mount Mackay is a picturesque pile of rock, which stands at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, and overlooks the twin cities of Fort William and Port Arthur, as if keeping guard. On its slope stands a little weather-beaten Jesuit chapel, erected there in the days long gone by as a peace-offering to the Great Spirit. The Indians visit it once a year to pray for an abundant harvest, and to ask forgiveness for their sins.

For a great tragedy was enacted there long, long ago; and the people do not wish to call down the wrath of the spirits again by any negligence on their part.

The time of this terrible happening was in the golden autumn. The harvest was plenteous; in all the cleared spaces grain waved in the breeze, ready for the sickle. The people guarded it jealously; and frequently the squaws stole forth at midnight to draw a magic circle around each field, which should keep away birds and mice.

Alas! In spite of all their precautions they looked out one morning to find that the grain had been de-

THE LEGEND OF MOUNT MACKAY

stroyed. Most of it lay flat, tramped into the muddy ground; the few heads that stood erect were empty of kernels. The scene was one of awful destruction.

Kagahgee, king of the blackbirds, was sighted in a tree; and at a signal from him hundreds of his tribe rose from hiding-places behind bushes and rocks, making the air quiver with the hum of their whirring wings. They filled the sky, over-clouding the sun. As they flew away, their horrid screaming sounded very much like laughing.

The tribe took a terrible revenge. Most of the birds were killed and strung to poles. But that did not restore the grain. The golden days of autumn were passing rapidly; and as the chilly breath of winter blew over the land, freezing the lakes and rivers, the people knew they were facing a famine, such a long and cruel famine as makes men go mad and turn against their own people, and kill them for food.

It came to pass just as they feared. The smaller lakes froze to the bottom, killing the fish. The only lake not frozen over was the Big Sea Water. Snow lay so deep in the forest that the hunters could not track the wild animals; and, indeed, if they could have ventured forth, they would have found very few animals, for most of them had gone far south. Sometimes for many days the cold was so piercing that the poor Indian could do nothing but sit in his wigwam,

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wrapped in his warmest blankets, and throwing wood on the fire.

Nuska, a mighty hunter, had a daughter, Minokeegee, who could hunt nearly as well as he. Her name means Bright Sky, and in the happy days before the famine she was a sunny, good-tempered girl. Many a day that winter the two walked out into the forest, full of hope; but came back at night sad and weary, and always empty-handed. One day Minokeegee realized that her father had gone mad with famine fever. His flesh was very hot and dry, his eyes were wild. Yes, it was too true, for when Nuska returned home, he challenged to a fight his brother, Quabeet, who had been his life-long friend, and with whom he had never quarrelled.

"If you do not kill me, I will kill you!" cried Nuska, in a loud voice.

Minokeegee was the only one to witness this terrible fight; and she soon saw her Uncle Quabeet overcome the mad man, and strike him dead with his short-handled ax.

After that the children of Nuska looked to their Uncle Quabeet for support.

"Please get us some meat!" they would wail.

And Quabeet would answer craftily:

"Go, eat of the beast in the forest, as I do!"

THE LEGEND OF MOUNT MACKAY

Then Minokeeggee knew that her uncle was keeping himself alive by feeding on the body of her dead father. Hunger had driven him crazy, too. In a fight between them the girl killed her uncle, with the same fatal ax that had finished her father. Or else Quabect commanded her to strike him dead, to end his sufferings. Anyway the girl did it with a clear conscience, and because she thought she had to.

Desperate with hunger, and with the cries of her little brothers and sisters ringing in her ears, Minokeeggee now set out to the head of the Big Sea Water to hunt and fish. She stripped the flesh from the calf of her leg to make bait. Succeeding in catching a string of fish, she returned home in triumph, only to find that everybody feared and hated her because she had killed her uncle.

Her lover scorned her.

"Mighty Manitou!" he screamed, as she approached, "I will not marry you! You might kill me, as you did your uncle!"

Her brothers and sisters fled from her in terror.

"See, I have brought you food!" she said.

But still they would not come near her.

"Do not touch us!" they cried. "You will kill us, as you did your uncle!"

Only then did Minokeeggee feel the awful deed weigh on her conscience. It had not seemed sinful to her be-

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fore. Perhaps she was half-crazed with hunger when she did it.

Her remorse made her ill. No one would take her in, or minister to her needs; so she was left to die alone in a deserted wigwam, beside the edge of the lakelet.

To be sure a medicine-man came in, and chanted wild songs over her, and shook a rattle to drive the spirits away. He also caught some snakes and held them over her for a charm: but Minokeegee lay in a stupor, and scarcely saw him.

Then the medicine-man said;

"I will get the skins of a hen-hawk, and of a white beaver, and blow her strong."

But still she languished, and still she lay in the deserted wigwam, until beautiful spring blew her breath over the land, clearing the ice out of the rivers, and bringing the fish back again, and melting the snow of the forest, so that the animals ventured forth again.

At sunset of a lovely spring day, as she lay in the door of her wigwam, looking out across the waters of the lake, Minokeegee raised herself on one elbow, and said;

"I see something coming. I see my father, or my uncle beckoning me."

Then they said, "She is dying!"

THE LEGEND OF MOUNT MACKAY

But she said, "Not yet!"

"There is something flying in the hazy distance," she continued, as the people gathered around her. "Is it Wawa, the white goose? Or Shuhga, the Heron? Or Shada, the pelican?"

It was none of these. As the shining object drew nearer, they saw that it was a bark canoe, bearing a pale-faced priest of Christ. As he landed, holding his gold cross aloft, all the tribe knelt in reverence.

He laid his cross on the breast of the dying girl, and as he prayed her spirit fled.

He lived among the tribe, and built for them the chapel, which now stands on the slope of the mountain. Once a year at harvest-time the tribes make a pilgrimage to it, and pray for the safety of their crops, and also for the forgiveness of their sins, so that such a calamity may never happen again.

IV.

Nanna-Bijou Goes Fishing in the Kaministiquia River

When Nanna-Bijou, or the Old Man, lived among men some very queer things happened. Sometimes the Old Man was full of tricks; at other times he was helpful, and taught the people many useful arts. He told the squaws how to cook the paws of the black bear, which were ever afterward esteemed a great delicacy. He had favorites among the children. If he allowed the sun to shine all day at the birth of a child, it was a sure sign that the Old Man would protect and help him all through life.

Nanna-Bijou possessed marvellous powers—more than mortals by far, yet not quite so great as Manitou—which he usually employed for the good of mankind. But sometimes his mind seemed filled with nothing but trickery.

One day the Old Man sat fishing on the banks of the Kaministiquia River. He had a goodly string of fish across his shoulder meaning soon to get up and prepare for home: when suddenly a great bird, swooping down without warning, frightened him, causing him to lose his hold. At the same time some wolves came running

NANNA-BIJOU GOES FISHING

by, dragging the carcass of a caribou, but seeing the string of fish, seized them instead.

Slipping down the hollow trunk of the tree on which he sat, Nanna-Bijou seized the head of the caribou, and fastened it on his own shoulders. So he swam down the river, away from the scene of danger. A band of Indians, thinking it a caribou, shot their arrows at the floating head. Then Nanna-Bijou was in great peril, but he always succeeded in holding the head aloft, while he kept securely under it. Once he dived, leaving the head floating alone.

Reaching a place of safety, he went ashore. On the bank sat a young man, son of an aged couple who lived in a tattered wigwam near by. Everything about the place told of poverty and discomfort. The young man might have made the wigwam more comfortable for his parents, but he was a very idle fellow, always on the lookout for some benefit, without being willing to work for it.

Nanna-Bijou told him to stay where he was, while he went into the lodge of the old couple.

"What is the dearest wish of your hearts?" Nanna-Bijou asked the old people. "Utter it, and I will make it come true."

"We wish most of all to be young and strong again," they replied.

The Old Man put them into an oven, made on a

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roaring fire, and burned them to two small piles of ashes. Then he breathed on the ashes, and, lo, by his magic power, he brought them forth, a strong young man and woman again!

Turning about, the Old Man found that the lazy son, whom he had left sitting on the river-bank, was watching all he had done through the flap of the wigwam.

"Ho, Old Man!" he cried, "I have found out your secret! I will go into the lodges, and make the old people young again, and they will hail me as the most wonderful person who ever lived."

The Old Man let him go. He ran swiftly to the next lodge, where another old couple lived.

"Do you wish to be made young again?" he asked eagerly.

The old people said they would like it very much.

He put them into an oven, as he had seen Nanna-Bijou do, built on a roaring fire, and burned them to a crisp. But though he blew on the ashes with all his might, nothing happened. Nanna-Bijou was a demi-god, who understood magic; but he was only a foolish mortal, with no magic power at all.

An angry mob soon collected around the door of the lodge, to avenge the death of the old couple. They dragged the foolish fellow forth, shot him full of arrows on the bank of the river, and threw his mangled body into the water.

V.

The White Man's Foot

A LEGEND OF THUNDER BAY.

Lying out in the Big Sea Water, a few miles off Thunder Bay, and forming part of the entrance to the harbor, are three islands, known as The Three Sisters. These were formerly people, who have been turned to stone because of their wickedness.

Nabusa, the youngest daughter of Chief Shinwauk, was so beautiful that her three elder sisters became very jealous of her. Although Nabusa was gentle and unselfish, they hated her, and planned evil against her.

Nabusa was a silent, dreamy maiden, who saw and heard many wonderful things in nature that other people failed to see and hear. Her sisters mocked her when she told of the strange sights and sounds that came to her while walking in the forest.

One evening as Nabusa stood on the shore of the Big Sea Water, looking at the splendid Evening Star, that hung very low to earth, she noticed the star begin to quiver, and descend rapidly to the spot where she was standing.

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

She heard the voice of the Great Spirit say. "I send you my son of the Evening Star: he has great tenderness in his heart, and great mystery in his being."

No sooner had the voice ceased than the oak trees began to quiver, and the wigwams to sway, as in a light breeze. Soft as a snow-flake the Evening Star lighted beside the maiden in the form of a beautiful white youth. Nabusa loved him at once, and took him home with her to present him to her people.

When Chief Shinwauk and his family asked him difficult questions, where his home was, who he was, and what were his intentions in coming among them, he replied with great wisdom, which should have won all hearts: only the three sisters were so jealous because he was Nabusa's lover, that they scoffed at every story he told.

First he told them of a water, which was not good to drink, but salty: and larger, Oh, very much larger than the Big Sea Water.

"Aha!" they jeered; "We do not believe you!"

Then he told them of boats flying with wings across the salty water.

"Oho!" they jeered; "We do not believe you!"

Then he told them that the men in these wonderful boats were fair, like himself, that they were the favorites of heaven, that they could overcome the other races of men, and so it was best to deal honestly with them.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

Then the three sisters, and all the tribe, railed at him, screaming;

"Ho, ho, ho! We do not believe you!"

They called Waban, the magician, to make a great smoke and confuse him, so he could not tell where he was going.

The three sisters called on their husbands to kill the white stranger, which they proceeded to do. The two lovers, clasped tightly in each other's arms, were pierced through and through with many arrows. As their blood dropped to the ground, a flower sprang up, called the White Man's Foot, which ever afterward grew profusely in that part of the country.

The lovers found themselves ascending. As their bleeding bodies were left lifeless on the ground, their spirits rose, and they went to live on the beautiful Evening Star.

Now when the Evening Star hangs low in the sky, you can see them in it. They look down on the spot where the three sisters once lived. But the wicked sisters are changed into three islands, which ever since have guarded the entrance to the bay. And as the immortal lovers watch the boats ply back and forth across the Big Sea Water, they know the prophecy has come true about the conquering White Man, who should push back the ignorant and warring Indians.

VI.

The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior

Picture writing is the crudest form of expression known to man. It is clumsy and inaccurate. If an Indian, called Red Bull, wished to write his name on a rock, or on the buffalo skin of his lodge, he would draw the head of a man, mark a line above it on which a bull is standing, and last of all would paint the bull red. In olden times the Indians were very much afraid of writing, as practised by the white men, and disliked touching a letter or a newspaper. But they valued the art of picture-writing, so that in several places around the shores of Lake Superior, there remain to this day samples of their handiwork, written on rocks.

The Ojibways say they were first taught the art of picture-writing by their great chief, Three Suns. He, in turn, had learned it from Nanna-Bijou.

One day when the Ojibway chief was paddling along the shores of the Big Sea Water, he came to a smooth face of rock, which seemed to glisten with colors of the rainbow. Small lines and ridges running in all directions suggested figures of men and of ani-



"The symbols fascinated him as hourly he came nearer them"

THE PICTURED ROCKS OF LAKE SUPERIOR

mals. Instantly he knew it to be the work of a god, as it was too high up for mortal to reach.

Three Suns was ambitious to teach his people the art of picture-writing, and had partly devised a picture language, of which, however, he was not very proud. Now when he beheld the pictured rocks far above him, he was filled with admiration, and seized by a desire to understand what he saw.

The day was very fair. Lake and forest lay wrapped in dreamy silence. No foot-print showed in the sand. The hand that wrote the mysterious picture-writing was invisible. The only sign of life Three Suns saw was a flock of swallows clinging to the sides of the rocks, where doubtless their nests were located.

"Alas," sighed he, "those chattering creatures, which care not to understand the wonderful pictures written on the rocks, may touch them with their beaks, if they wish; while I must remain at the bottom with no means of climbing up."

After he had spent a long time vainly wishing for wings, he took up his tomahawk and made a cut in the sandy ledges big enough to support his foot. Then he made another, a few inches higher; and another. The work was difficult, and occupied many days, but at last he succeeded in making a rude winding stair leading to the picture writing on the rocks.

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

To keep himself from falling he cut a slippery-elm sapling for a pole, and made from the bark, which is very tough in the spring of the year, a twisted thong, which he threw over the limbs of trees, and so hoisted himself.

The symbols fascinated him, as hourly he came nearer them. He had begun to copy them, by painting them on birch-bark, when his thong broke, and he fell headlong to the sands below. The stepping-stones he had carved with his tomahawk caved in, and appeared as at first. All his labor had been in vain.

"Alas," cried Three Suns, "and I would have used this sign language for the good of my people."

Then Nanna-Bijou appeared walking on the shore in the form of a very big man, tall enough to write on the rocks at the very top.

"Did you hope to read the writing of the spirits?" he asked.

Seeing that he was not very angry, Three Suns entreated him to write lower, and to show to a poor mortal the mysteries of picture-language, so that he in turn might teach it to his people.

Nanna-Bijou stooped and wrote on the lower rocks, and even on the yielding sands. He stayed the waves from rolling in, until Three Suns had copied the symbols. Then the waves rushed back with a roar, and

THE PICTURED ROCKS OF LAKE SUPERIOR

flooded all the shore high up on the rocks, washing away all the writing except that which is very high, indeed, and far above the reach of mortals.

These, being beyond the corrosion of the waves, remain to the present time; but no one can read the writing now, and Nanna-Bijou does not return to instruct his scattered children.

VII.

Nanna-Bijou's Blanket

A LEGEND OF THE NIPIGON RIVER.

On a peaceful autumn morning, very many years ago, Nanna-Bijou was taking a canoe trip up the Nipigon River. The journey was pleasant, and he was making but slight effort to get along—in fact he was idly dreaming, looking neither to right nor left.

On raising his eyes he found himself suddenly confronted by a mountainous barrier. The waters leaped into rapids. The great obstruction lay fairly across his path. It was as though he had come to the end of the river. Perhaps its source was in hidden springs in the mountain, but however it was, the river was lost and could be followed no farther.

Nanna-Bijou was not minded to turn back. He became angry, as he usually did when opposed. The place he had set out to reach lay right back of the obstruction, and it looked as though he would have to walk around the mountain, or climb over the top of it to reach his journey's end.

"This is the work of a river spirit," he fumed. "He just threw it down this morning when he heard of my approach. It was not here before."

NANNA-BIJOU'S BLANKET

Lifting his great tomahawk, Nanna-Bijou struck a terrific blow on the face of the mountain. It was cut in two, and immediately a stream of water issued from the opening. Nanna-Bijou had made a new channel for the Nipigon river.

Becoming warm with his work, the giant cast aside his blanket of rabbit skin. It lies there still, snow-white, and bleached dry with the sun. The action of the weather has turned it to stone. The Indians canoeing up the Nipigon River still speak of it in whispers as the blanket of Nanna-Bijou.

VIII.

The Peeping Squaw

A LEGEND OF PORT ARTHUR

One day Nanna-Bijou sailed across the Big Sea Water.

Now about this time the early French explorers were viewing for the first time the wonders of the Lake Superior region. First they had called the outlet of the Big Sea Water Sault Du Gaston. Then Pere Marquette had a dream one night about the Blessed Virgin, in which he was instructed to change the name to Sault Ste. Marie. So it has been ever since.

Perhaps Nanna-Bijou was angry at the encroachments of the white man into what had so long been his particular domain. It is certain that about this time the giant left earth to be seen no more of men. In a very bad temper he fled from the Sault and took refuge at the other end of the Big Sea Water. One of his haunts was on Pie Island, for there he had left his wife and expected to find her on his return.

But the wife had gone out on a fishing expedition, feeling herself neglected by her husband, so that when he returned he found no one at home. The fires were

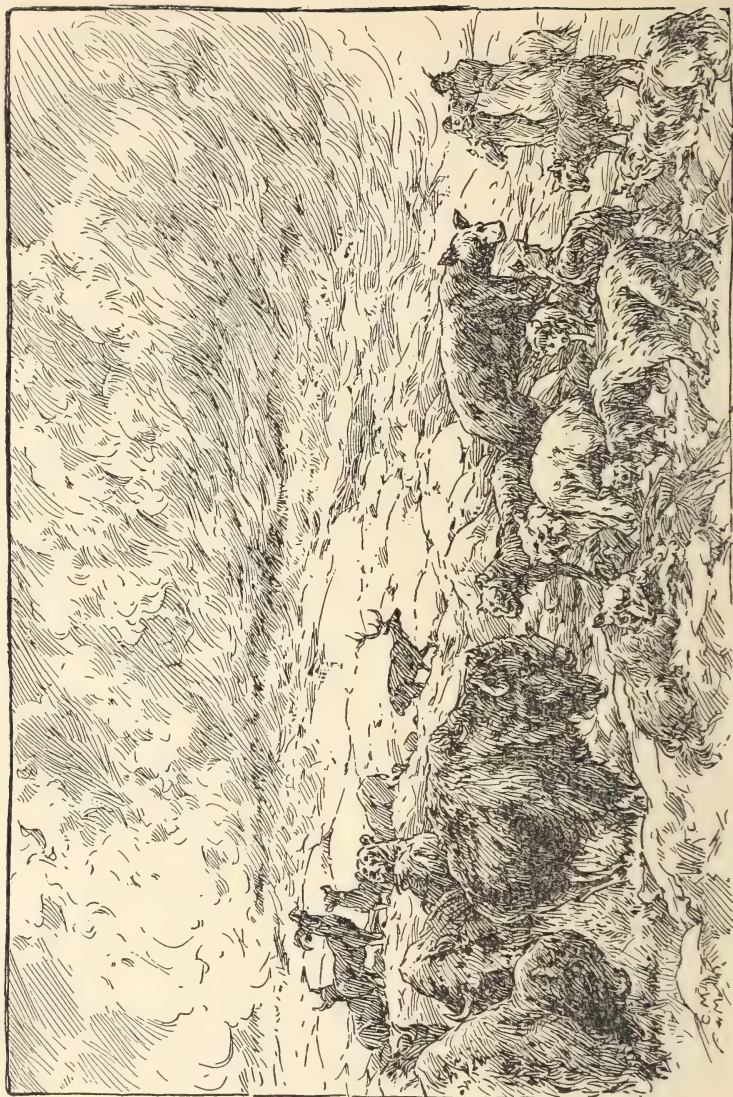
THE PEEPING SQUAW

out, and no eatables were in the lodge. No meat had been cut up, and no wood split since his departure weeks before.

Meeting his wife on her return, Nanna-Bijou gave her a sound thrashing and flung her on Pie Island, telling her to stay there forever. So she does. On fair days you may see her peeping out to find where her husband is, but on stormy days she feels the giant's wrath and remains indoors.

Legends of the Prairie

- 1—*When All the World was Burned: A Legend of the Crees.*
- 2—*The Story of the Two Brothers: A Legend of the Blackfeet.*
- 3—*Why Old Man Never Married: A Legend of the Blackfeet.*
- 4—*Who Calls? A Legend of Qu Appelle.*
- 5—*The Place Where the Caribou Live: A Legend of the Plains.*
- 6—*The Metal Woman: A Legend of the Athabaskas.*
- 7—*The Coming of the White Man: A Legend of the Crees.*
- 8—*The Stolen Child: A Legend of the Blood Indians.*



"Only a few animals succeeded in finding the cleared spot"

I.

When All the World Was Burned

CREE LEGEND.

THE Crees tell you that the world was nearly destroyed by fire once, as well as by water. Only a man and his wife were saved. Before this the world had been full of people; and they had been very prosperous and rich, but also very wicked.

Only one young man among them thought seriously upon different things.

"The Great Spirit is going to burn this world because of its wickedness," he told the people over and over again.

But they laughed at him.

Then he told his wife; and she listened.

"Let us make a place that will be safe from the fire," she advised.

The young man did so. He went to the top of a big bare hill, where there were no trees to catch the blaze, and standing on the slope, he shot an arrow to the north, one to the south, one to the east, and another to the west. These arrows fell upon four corners of a plot of ground that would not burn.

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

The young man spent many days in telling the people that fire would come, and that the only place to be safe was in his plot of cleared ground. But they did not believe him, and continued to walk through the forests as usual.

At last it happened as the young man had said. The people could hear the fire coming with a great roar down the valleys. Most of them ran to the lake for safety; but the water became so hot that it boiled. Only a few animals succeeded in finding the cleared spot on which stood the young man and his wife, safe and sound.

After awhile the fire burned itself out. The man and woman were the only people left in the world, so they were master of all the other creatures. It was they who gave the animals their names, and told each one how to act, and how to get its living. They gave long hind legs to the rabbit, and told him he must hop. They gave webbed toes to the ducks, and threw them into the water.

The squirrel was very dissatisfied, and wished to be made into anything but what he was. He chattered and scolded all the time the man and woman were at work. But they would not make him over differently. So he went into the valley and cried for a long time, and that is why his eyes are swollen to this day.

II.

The Story of the Two Brothers

A LEGEND OF THE BLACKFEET.

There is a beautiful solar myth, cherished by most of the tribes under slightly different forms, which tells of the struggle constantly going on in the world between good and evil, light and darkness, heat and cold, or whatever you like to call it. The Blackfoot Indians call it Kutoyis, or the Story of the Two Brothers.

Once there lived an old man who had three daughters and one son. No one remembers the name of the young man, for he usually went by the nickname of Bad Brother. He was a shockingly disobedient son, and forced his aged father, along with the weak womenfolks, to do all the work around the place. He made the old man hunt the buffalo, and keep the family supplied with meat, wood, and water. The aged mother and the sisters worked very hard too; for not only was Bad Brother lazy, but he was destructive, and broke down what the others took pains to build up.

Nobody could manage Bad Brother. He would not

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

even listen to advice. He was bigger and stronger than the rest, and they were all very much afraid of him. The very sound of his voice made the women tremble; and the old father wept bitterly when he remembered how strong he had once been, but now had grown so old and weak that he must do as his wicked son bade him, without daring to utter a word of protest. In fact when the son was away the father spent most of his time in weeping; though it only added to his sorrows when the son came home and found that the work had been neglected.

One day the father brought meat to the lodge, only to see it all carried off again by Bad Brother. The son did not mean to leave a scrap for his aged parents to eat; but by mistake a clot of blood fell to the floor, which the aged mother threw into the soup-pot to keep them from starvation. What was her surprise then to see a queer bubbling, like violent boiling, and to hear cries and groans coming from the pot.

Soon there sprang out of the pot a full-grown young man, formed from the clot of blood—Kutoyis, the Good Brother.

No sooner did Kutoyis talk with the old people than he learned the story of the harsh treatment they were receiving from their other son. Kutoyis told his father to grieve no longer, that he would stay with

THE STORY OF THE TWO BROTHERS

them, and defend them, and bring in abundance of game, wood, and all else needed for their comfort.

One day Kutoyis and his father went out to hunt, and came almost at once upon a fine fat buffalo cow, which the old man wished to kill without delay. But Kutoyis saw the Bad Brother coming through the forest, and wishing to know exactly how he would treat his father, he said he would hide and listen to the conversation.

“Answer the Bad Brother back with words as scornful as his own,” instructed Kutoyis. “If he threatens you, you must threaten him also. Do not provoke a quarrel, but if he begins it, pluck up spirit and continue it. Do not fear, for I will be close at hand to defend you.”

Soon the Bad Brother came swinging along the path, when catching sight of his father, he at once began to utter terrible curses, threatening to kill him for letting the fine buffalo cow escape. He even aimed an arrow at his father, which the old man nimbly dodged.

Suddenly Kutoyis sprang up from the log behind which he had been hiding, drew his bow, and shot the wicked brother dead.

Peace and plenty then flowed into the old man's lodge, and Kutoyis spent all his time driving evil out of the land, feeding the hungry, uniting the people, and

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teaching them to live in prosperity and contentment.

The meaning of this story is easily seen. The Bad Brother represents darkness, storm, cold, or any of the evil and fearsome things which fill men's lives with distress; and Kutoyis is the morning, the warmth which makes plenty abound and brings happiness. There is always a sharp fight between them, but usually in the end the sunshine defeats the storm, the light conquers the darkness, and the summer breaks the fetters of the winter.

III.

Why Old Man Never Married

(A LEGEND OF THE BLACKFEET.)

When Napioa, or Old Man, created the different races of human beings he decreed that men and women should live apart. A few years proved the folly of this. He saw clearly in the end that they should live together. What hurried him to this conclusion was his great desire to have a woman of his own.

Old Man groaned when he remembered that he had placed the women on one side of the mountains and the men on the other. Often he went to peep over the mountains to watch the women at their work.

"They can never provide for themselves alone," thought he.

But he always found the women happy, comfortable, suitably clothed and well-fed. They had a buffalo trap into which they decoyed the herds, and were almost as skilful as the men in bringing in the meat, and in curing the hides.

Napioa at last went to the men's camp and said, "You can not live always by yourselves. Come! Let us surprise the camp of the women, and each carry off one for ourselves."

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The men gladly agreed; but in the end they decided not to take the women by surprise, but to announce their coming, and to array themselves in all their finery, so that they might find favor.

When they were within a few miles of the camp Old Man instructed the others to wait until he should visit the women and announce their coming. He disguised himself, and his real reason for going on ahead was to find out what the Woman Chief looked like.

"For," said he, "chief should mate with chief. If she is good to look at I will have her for my own."

When he reached the place of the women he found that all but two had left the camp and were busy killing buffalo down in the valley below. The two to whom he announced the coming of the men were highly pleased, and at once went off to the buffalo killing with the glad news. Immediately the women left their work, and came flocking into camp, spending the rest of the morning in braiding their hair and putting on clean, fresh garments to make themselves look attractive in the eyes of their visitors.

Only the Woman Chief tarried behind at her work. She carried more responsibility than the others, and would not leave until the necessary work was done. When she arrived in camp, dirty, blood-stained, and tired, the other women were ready to set off to the open plain where the men were waiting.

WHY OLD MAN NEVER MARRIED

Now the Woman Chief was very beautiful, as the two girls in the camp had not failed to tell Old Man: but she was so used to her high place and to being beloved and respected by all that she thought she might venture to accompany the women just as she was, and let the men take her for what she was worth. So gaily all the women went out to meet the men, with their beloved Woman Chief at their head.

Napioa was seated on a bank in state. He wore a buckskin shirt and leggings, embroidered with porcupine quills, and a buffalo robe, heavily fringed.

The Woman Chief had quite decided in her mind that she would choose Old Man. She made her women describe again how he was dressed, and to them she said,

"Leave Old Man to me. I'll choose him. Chief must mate with chief."

So when she saw him she went right up to him in her butchering dress, with her hands flecked with blood, and her hair unbraided, and she said pleasantly, "I will take you for my man."

Old Man backed up.

"I don't want you!" he cried. "I won't have such a dirty, greasy, wild-haired woman!"

And like a coward he hid behind the other men.

"Come back! Come back!" cried the Woman Chief

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to her followers. "I command you to stand on the top of the hill and not choose your mate until I go back and dress."

It was plain to see that she was highly insulted by the contempt of Old Man. Looking very severe and unbending she walked away in the direction of the women's camp, while her faithful followers waited her pleasure in silence.

First she bathed in the river. Then she took plenty of time to braid her beautiful hair and to interweave it with gay colors. Then she put on a pair of new moccasins, heavily beaded. Next she scented herself with sweet-grass. Last of all she put on a beautiful robe of spotted deer skin. Then she proudly returned to her women.

"Since man judges woman by her outward appearance," she said, "these shall know me for what I am."

Nobody was so finely dressed as she; nobody else was quite so beautiful. Her face was lovely, and her form perfect. She put herself at the head of the line, and led her followers to the men.

They were also in line, Napioa at the head. When he caught sight of her he thought her another woman, and instantly fell in love with her.

"I will take you for my woman!" he cried, seizing her arm.

WHY OLD MAN NEVER MARRIED

But she wrenched herself free, and passed on down the line looking at the other men. Her eyes blazed like fire.

"Do not touch me, proud and worthless fellow!" she exclaimed to the Old Man. "I would rather die than be your woman."

And to her women she commanded, "Let none of you choose such a worthless creature for your mate!"

At last, the choosing done, Old Man stood alone, the only one left unmated. He would have been glad to follow to the women's camp, where a meal would be got ready, but the Woman Chief bade him be gone.

"We have no food for such as you!" she cried. "You may wander alone through the mountains till the end of time, for all we care."

And that is just what he does. Old Man has never married, and he lives partly on the earth and partly in the sky, a restless, discontented being. When the wind makes a noise through the mountains the people say Napioa is sighing because the chief of the women refused to have him for her mate.

IV.

Who Calls?

THE LEGEND OF THE QU' APPELLE VALLEY.

One of the most beautiful rivers of the Canadian north-west is the Qu'Appelle, the name meaning Who Calls? It flows through a lovely valley, which is in some places well wooded. As it is one of the most beautiful of rivers, so it has connected with it one of the finest of Indian legends.

The year was at the autumn. Indian summer cast its haze over the valley, when a young Indian brave came up from the south to claim a dusky maiden of the Canadian prairies for his bride. He must pass alone in his birch canoe along this lovely stream. Day after day he paddled onward, dreaming of her he loved, and of his future happiness when she would be his own. As darkness approached one evening he found himself between fringes of forest on both sides of the river, in a beautiful but awesome spot. Brave as he was, he wished himself safely through; for on the other side lay the broad stream winding through open prairie, and lakelets, and a network of waterways until it passed the village where his beloved dwelt.

WHO CALLS

A foreboding of coming evil weighed on his spirit. What caused it he could not understand. Presently as he was passing a thicket of gloomy trees someone called his name. Quite distinctly it floated across to him on the quiet evening air. He turned to see if anybody was in sight; but the only living creature was a hawk wheeling up above the tops of the trees. A thrill shot along his nerves, as he realized that this was no voice of warrior friend or foe, but a spirit voice.

"Qu'Appelle?" he called out, while fear seized his brave spirit. "Who calls?"

There was no reply. He heard only the gentle breeze sighing through the trees, and the ripple of the water under the prow of the canoe.

Then came back the echo of his voice between the hills, "Qu'Appelle?"

The moon rose, as the canoe glided onward.

Again he heard his name, distinctly spoken; but not by a mortal voice.

"Who calls?" he cried again, in anguish of fear; but only the echo mocked him.

Full of foreboding, he continued his journey. The stream now left the forest behind, and glided into open country. Far ahead gleamed the lights of the village to which he was going. Ah, they looked like death

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fires! They brought no joy to his heart. He knew that some great disaster awaited him, and that the spirits were trying to warn him beforehand.

As he drew near the village he saw a number of people around the lodge of the dusky maiden whom he loved more than life. Wild sounds of wailing rent the air. It was the death song chanted for a departing spirit. Then he knew that she whom he loved had gone that night to the Land of Ghosts and Shadows.

He asked when and how she had died; and the people told him that just as her spirit passed away she had called his name twice in loud tones. He thought of the voice he had heard in the woods.

In silent sorrow he left the village. He re-entered his canoe, floated away on the bosom of the beautiful river, and was never heard of again.

V.

The Place Where the Caribou Live

A LEGEND OF THE PLAINS.

There was once a great chief who felt it his duty to find out where the caribou went when they passed in great numbers into the far interior. After fasting and obtaining a strong "medicine" he started northward, prepared to walk many days, and not stop till a voice told him to. For two moons he walked. His moccasins would have dropped from his feet, only they were magic and could not be worn out.

At last he heard a voice saying to him, "Stop here! Make no noise. Rest in silence till the sun sets. You are near the home of the caribou. Do not kill what you see, or some calamity will befall you."

Sure enough after sundown he began to see huge forms of animals walking about on the frozen plains. Standing right before him was an immense beast. It was the king of all the caribou, and was so large that the others could pass under it without touching.

The caribou came up in bands, and all passed under the body of the king into a great valley where they had

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their home. When the last had gone in the king stretched himself across the entrance and kept guard over the herd all night.

The great chief did not shoot any of the animals. He went home again, taking care to mark the way he had come, so that his people could find the caribou at some later time. But when he gave out hints of what he had seen the people showed themselves so eager to kill the animals that he was afraid to show them the route. He knew some disaster would befall the tribe, as he had been warned by the spirit voice.

He kept the secret all his life. When he died the people gave up hope of finding the home of the caribou. They are always looking for it, but the mysterious valley which their chief saw has never again been revealed to mortal eyes.

VI.

The Metal Woman

A LEGEND OF THE ATHABASKAS.

The Thilanotine, that is Dwellers-at-the-foot-of-the great glacier, are an Athabaskan tribe living on the shores of Ile-a-la-Crosse Lake. These people cherish a story that precious metals were once found in abundance lying on the top of the ground, and could be picked up by anybody.

They say in the days of giants, that one of these fierce monsters encountered another on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. The bloody combat would have resulted in the complete destruction of both, had not a shark swimming by cut the tendon of one of them, causing him to fall and make a bridge across the northern extremity of the ocean.

This bridge became Behring Strait, and over it the reindeer entered North America.

Also along this northern route came the Metal Woman one day. She bore in her hands much copper, iron, and gold from Asia, dumping it freely on the top of the ground. She repeated her visits over and over again, until gold and copper could be picked

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up anywhere you had a mind to look. Precious stones were also found plentifully.

One day a man offered the Metal Woman an insult. Immediately she disappeared underground, showing that she was no ordinary woman, but a worker of magic. She carried all her treasures underground with her, and buried them beneath the mountains. Now they are hard to find.

VII.

The Coming of the White Man

A LEGEND OF THE PRAIRIES.

The Crees cherish a fine tradition about the coming of the white man, and his influence over their confederacy.

Many years ago the Crees were a powerful tribe. They were rich in horses, their lodges were both good and numerous, their women were beautiful, and their warriors honest and brave. All the other tribes feared them, and their advice was sought on all important matters. As they were so powerful, their wishes were not disputed, so they were kept free from war for a long time.

One day they found out on the prairie a fair-skinned stranger. He looked very different to themselves, and spoke words they could not understand. The Crees brought him to their villages, until it was decided what to do with him.

His weapons of war were most peculiar. He carried an iron bow, which had no string. Instead of arrows it was fitted with small round balls. When the stranger fired it off the people were so frightened

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that they fell to the ground. The wonderful stranger could shoot very straight and very far, easily killing the strongest buffalo, or piercing the toughest buffalo shields of the warriors.

There was a great difference of opinion as to what should be done with the pale-face. Was he a demi-god, sent by the Great Spirit to aid them against their enemies? Or was he a fugitive, who had stolen the thunder from Manitou, and was now flying from justice? Would he bring blessing to the tribe, or would calamities fall upon them?

A council was called to decide the fate of the white man who carried the iron bow. The consultation lasted a day and a night. The white man was invited to be present, and his weapon was examined. They asked him to make ready to shoot, but not to shoot, so that they might see how it was done. They learned that the weapon consisted of a hollow tube, in which was placed the small round ball. This was pressed hard with a long rod, and when touched by a small piece of iron under the tube, fire came out of the end, making a terrible noise.

Finally they decided to let him remain. He was given a lodge, and the most beautiful of their maidens became his wife.

For a time all went well. When the season came

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to go out and hunt buffalo for the winter's meat, the white man went with them. He could kill the largest buffalo at one shot, whereas their best warriors had to stand much nearer the animal and shoot over and over again. In two days the tribe had secured enough meat to last all winter.

Neighboring tribes, hearing of this great feat, became very jealous. They hated the pale-face, and said the Great Spirit had sent him to help the Crees. They worked hard all season to drive the buffalo off to a place where the Crees could not find them.

When the next hunting season came round, an advance party was sent out to learn where the buffalo were most plentiful; but they returned with the sad news that there was none to be seen anywhere. They were scoffed at for their laziness, and another party sent out. Alas, they returned with the same news. Fear now filled the hearts of the people, and they said the white man had brought this curse on the tribe.

Again a council was called, the warriors talking loudly within, while the women lamented loudly without. They decided that the Great Spirit was angry because the pale-face had stolen his thunder. Nothing but the blood of the white man could atone for this crime. He was dragged out of his lodge from the arms of his wife, who ran between him and the arrows that fell thick and fast as he advanced. At

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last the faithful wife fell dead, pierced through with many arrows. The white man grasped his weapon, and shot left and right, at the same time picking up his dead wife and running to the river.

Once on the river in his trusty canoe, he cursed the people for killing his wife, and told them that Manitou would visit the tribe with destruction of man and beast, that their glory would wane, and that the white men would come in large numbers and drive them from their homes.

At these words the Cree chief became so furious that he aimed a deadly arrow at the white man; but the iron weapon killed him before he had time to utter a groan.

Clasping the bleeding body of his wife, and bearing in his own body many cruel arrows, the white man hurried his boat down stream until it hung suspended above a raging waterfall. Turning once more to curse the tribe that pursued him, he raised the body of his wife, threw it over the falls, then leaping out cast himself after it. For a few minutes he struggled in the foaming water, then sank to rise no more.

Speedily the curse fell on the tribe. Search-parties went out for food, but never returned. Others were sent to find the first, but they did not come back. Disease came and carried away hundreds. The white

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men came in numbers with their fierce weapons, and drove them steadily back, away from their fertile plains to a bleak bare place in the north. After a time the tribe became divided through quarrels, some remaining where they were, and others going away over to the mountains. The journey was a hard one through deep snow, and before they reached their destination great numbers of their women and children died.

The glory of the tribe had departed. They became different clans, speaking strange dialects. Instead of one great united people, several quarrelsome bands roved over the western country. In some way or other they have all felt the curse of the dying white man. The old chiefs tell their sons that the white men still have a spite against them; but it is no use to fight them, as they are very powerful, and can do much harm.

VIII.

The Stolen Child

A LEGEND OF THE PLAINS.

There was once a young man who belonged to a tribe of Blood Indians inhabiting a valley of the South Saskatchewan river. The parents of this unfortunate young man had died in his infancy, and as he grew up he lacked many things, having been forced to accept food, clothing, and weapons from his neighbors.

He longed to become independent, and to repay the men of the tribe for their gifts. But so far fortune had not favored him with an opportunity. The people began to lose faith in him, and to point him out as a lazy man and a coward. It is hard to live down a bad reputation, so this youth stood condemned for many a day, without being given an honest chance to show his true character.

Luckily for him, the young man had found a friend in Spotted Deer, a young woman of the tribe. In truth she loved him, and longed for the time when he would show himself a hero before all the people.

It happened one night that a wandering band of Sioux, from their home far to the south, fell upon this

THE STOLEN CHILD

village of the Bloods and succeeded in carrying off a few of the people who were away from home and cut off from the main body. After a time all were recovered, except a little boy, the brother of Spotted Deer. It was feared that this child would be taken south and slain as a sacrifice to the sun, the annual sun dance feast of the Sioux being very near.

"The man who brings back my child shall have my best horse," wailed the father of Spotted Deer.

He could hardly have promised more, for a horse in those early times was the Indian's dearest possession. With it he scoured the plains, chased the buffalo, escaped from the hands of his enemy.

"Now is your chance to become a hero," urged Spotted Deer, speaking privately to the unfortunate youth.

He was not slow to respond. He knew he was taking a desperate chance, thus going alone to the camp of the powerful Sioux; but he cared not for life if he could not soon do something to prove himself a hero.

He must needs chase the Sioux on foot, because he had no horse. It was a tedious journey, and only after following two moons did he catch sight of the blue smoke of their teepees. All was in preparation for the sun dance. The people feasted and smoked, thinking not of work or hunting. Great piles of wood were laid ready for the sacrificial fires.

The youth crept stealthily up to their camp, and lay

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all the first night in the shadow of some trees, trying to observe without being observed. He was attracted almost at once by a peculiar cry, which seemed to come from high up in the air, though it sounded not like the cry of bird, but like the moan of a human being. He felt at once that it was the voice of the child he was hunting for.

Piercing the shadows of evening with his eagle gaze the young man at last made out the figure of a child tied to the top of a lodge pole. He was being prepared as the sacrifice to the sun, and when the sun rose next morning the awful deed was to be done. At thought of the boy's peril the brave young man forgot his caution and advanced boldly among his enemies.

He was seized at once and bound. It looked as if there were to be two sacrifices to the sun next morning. In vain the young man pled for the life of the innocent child. He could read no mercy in the faces of his captors.

At last the Sioux told him that he was to be given a chance for his life. If he would consent to walk over ten buffalo heads, freshly skinned and slippery, without touching ground between, and carrying the boy on his back, they would let him go free. If he failed he was to give himself up cheerfully as a sacrifice to the sun.

It was a severe test, because the boy on his back

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was heavy and the skulls were wet and covered with slime. Never had the young man so wished to be successful; never had the thing he was to attempt appeared so impossible. Instructing the boy to sit perfectly still and not overbalance him, he took his place before the first skull. With a swift prayer to his gods, he took the first step. Swiftly he leaped from one to another. The speed saved him. Before he knew it he had reached the end in safety.

The sullen enemy were forced to admire; but were not quite ready to let him go free. There was an old man among them who was weary of life. He was a great warrior, and had always hoped for death in battle, but the gods had denied him this favor. He now asked that he might fight with the young man, the winner to be given the best horse owned by the tribe.

At first the young man thought it cowardly to fight with so old a person; but before he had been in the conflict many minutes he knew he had an enemy worthy of his best effort. It was only after a fight of an hour or more that he saw the aged hero dead at his feet. Then the Sioux unwilling gave him and the child their freedom. The best horse was brought out, and away from the village of the enemy they gladly rode.

Spotted Deer was waiting for them, standing on the top of a ridge which commanded a view of the plains. The other people of her tribe had taunted her cruelly,

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telling her the young man was too cowardly to fight the Sioux. Going to meet him on her pony, they all had the joy of riding into camp together. Then the father of the lost boy begged the pardon of the young man for the taunts and insults to which he had been subjected. He accepted him as his son, and after that they lived together in peace and unity.

Legends of the Rocky Mountains

- 1—*The Fairy Cave at Banff.*
- 2—*The Lost Horses of Mountain Chief: A Legend of the Foothills.*
- 3—*The Indian's Paint Brush: A Legend of the Rockies.*
- 4—*The Legend of Devil's Lake.*
- 5—*Where the Chinooks Come From.*
- 6—*The Doings of the Thunder Bird.*
- 7—*The Naming of the Yellowhead Pass.*

I.

The Fairy Cave at Banff

LONG before Banff was inside the limits of a National Park—yes, ages before the coming of the white men to the mountains, the Indians say that spiteful mountain spirits held possession of the entire region. Nowhere did the rivers run more wildly; nowhere rolled the thunder more loudly; nowhere were there heard so many mysterious noises. It was the home of storms. Mortal man had never ventured farther than the foothills, for there was an old tradition that no one could see the home of the gods and live.

Then, as there is always one daring soul willing to risk his life for the good of the rest, a chief of the Bloods decided to see what this eerie region was like. He had not gone half way up the mountain side when he saw smoke issuing from the earth, through a hole in the rocks. This should have warned him of danger; but the brave chief resolved to go on, no matter what his fate. He lived to tell the tale to his friends, but his strength was gone. The hot blast that puffed in his face from the hole in the mountain withered him, and he fell into a slow decline.

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This, however, is the tale he left to be handed down in his tribe.

Attracted by the smoking of the mountain, he drew near cautiously, and discovered an opening between the rocks as wide as his arm was long, but so very, very deep that the centre pole of a teepee would not have touched the bottom.

He observed that the hole widened into a large cave, about twenty feet across. Hot water bubbled from a spring in the middle of the floor; cold water trickled from a spring in the side of the wall; the one tempering the other. Over the heat a huge black pot was set to boil; and around it feasted and danced the mountain deities, their evil, leering faces only half discernible in the lurid semi-darkness. Human skulls and the bones of animals strewed the floor, while queer icicles hung from the roof, like huge teeth of animals crusted over with some white substance.

This was the prison of many things which had been lost to mortals. Some of the Chinook winds which had strayed so far north, were caught and held there, and kept up a constant sighing to get out.

When the mountain gods perceived a mortal looking down at them through the hole above, they were enraged. Instantly a rumble like thunder shook the mountain, and a puff of hot, poisonous air belched

THE FAIRY CAVE AT BANFF

in the Indian's face. He reeled and fell backward. In the confusion some of the imprisoned winds escaped, and went tearing down the valley. Rocks loosened, so that the shape of the cave was changed somewhat.

The Blood chief reeled down the mountainside, and finally reached his people; but he was never the same man again. Soon after he died, and his descendants thought it their duty to warn all travellers who approached the fatal spot. So for many ages the mountain spirits were left to themselves.

Then came the Pale Faces. Earnestly the Red men sought to impress them with the danger of entering the mysterious region and molesting the mountain gods.

The Pale Faces shouted their scorn.

"We have come to build an iron horse," said they. "which will run through the mountains at great speed, so that no mountain spirit can catch those who ride on it."

"The spirits will puff their poisonous breath at you!" warned the Red men.

"Our iron horse will puff his breath through the valley," replied the white men. "His breath will be more terrible than the hot blast arising from the cave. It will be so big that it will turn into clouds."

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And it was so. The mountain gods fled in terror from the sight of the iron horse. Only occasionally they puffed a whiff of hot air from the hole in the top of their cave. And even that seemed to have lost its power. The white men boldly entered the cave. They saw the water bubbling; they saw the great teeth hanging from the roof; but never a mountain god showed his face. After that the white men came and went just as they pleased. The Indians say the mountain deities venture back sometimes in the dead of night and hold a revel.

II.

The Lost Horses of Mountain Chief

At a certain camping place along the south branch of the Milk River, in the foothills of the Rockies, very near the international boundary line, Mountain Chief and his friends were resting, when word was brought that three of his fastest horses had been stolen from camp.

This was a serious affair to Mountain Chief, for all three horses were fast buffalo runners, and he had no other animals so well trained. Mountain Chief retired to his lodge that evening in a very bad temper, calling down curses on the thieves.

Next day a Kootenay Indian, who was a master of magic, visited camp and was brought before Mountain Chief.

"Do not grieve at the loss of your buffalo runners," said the Kootenay. "I will help you find them."

"Show me where my horses are and you may name your own reward," replied Mountain Chief.

"First call in your strong men," instructed the Kootenay.

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Every man of consequence was summoned before the chief, the medicine men, the very old men, the warriors.

Said the magic-worker,

"I will now teach you a song, which you must learn to sing after me."

It was a weirdly beautiful song, with music so soft and sweet that it fastened itself in the memory of the hearers.

Then the Kootenay put all the men into a dark cave near at hand, and seating himself near the mouth of it, began to play on a whistle he had made from the wing bone of a bird.

"Perhaps the trees know who keeps the missing horses," said the Kootenay. "Let us ask them."

As the men sang the song they had been taught, the Kootenay played with all his might on the whistle, and shook the rattle in his hand. Then was heard the sighing of a pine tree, though no real tree was near. It was the spirit of a pine, drawn to them by the power of their music.

The Kootenay asked the pine tree if it had seen the stolen horses, and it made answer that it knew nothing about them.

After that the magic-worker called on the birds and beasts. Great wings flapped in the air, and strange

THE LOST HORSES OF MOUNTAIN CHIEF

cries of animals were heard, although no living creatures were to be seen. But none of the things called had observed the stolen buffalo runners.

"Let us ask the rocks," then said the Kootenay: and presently, to the accompaniment of their music, a great stone came rolling down the hillside and rested at the door of the cave.

"I know nothing of your stolen horses," it rumbled and roared.

The Kootenay was weary, but not disheartened.

"We must sing the sacred song again," he said; "sing it not once, but many times; sing it thrice, according to the number of lost horses. The things we are going to ask next do not come so readily to call. Let us now address ourselves to the mountain wind. Sing with all your might—three times—while I blow loudly on my whistle."

Presently a strong gale sprang up, and the people trembled with fear, because they knew they had roused the Old Man of the Winds, who sometimes got in a terrible rage, and knew not when to stop blowing.

He swept around the cave with terrific gusts and whirlwinds.

"Why have you roused me from sleep?" he howled.

The Kootenay told Old Man of the Wind how Mountain Chief had lost three favorite horses, and

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how they had called him in the hope that he might help discover them.

"I have not seen them," rumbled the Wind-god ill-humoredly.

"I am very much disappointed," said the Kootenay. "I thought you saw nearly everything."

"No, I do not," growled Old Man of the Winds. "Ask the spirit that lives in yon cloud. He looks down on all the earth, and nothing escapes his eye."

With that the wind, which had blown east, suddenly began to blow west, and Old Man went sweeping back to his home in the tall mountains.

After he was gone the Kootenay thought about what he had said. It was a serious thing to call down the spirit of the cloud. It was invading the kingdom of the sky gods.

Looking upward the Kootenay saw a big feathery white cloud floating toward the sunset.

"That is the boat of the sky god," thought he. "He is sailing to rest in his lodge over the rim of the earth. If we do not ask him at once it will be too late."

"Sing your song, and keep singing it," he instructed the men hidden inside the cave. "Do not stop till I tell you, or you will break the charm. Sing till you fall down from weakness."

Oh, what a wild, weird sound that was, which floated

THE LOST HORSES OF MOUNTAIN CHIEF

skyward now! Over and over again it was chanted. The Kootenay played on the whistle until his cheeks looked as if they would burst; and the noise of his rattle was deafening.

Presently the shape of the cloud above them began to change. It no longer resembled a boat, but took the form of a hand, pointing downward. Away from the mountains it pointed, far over the plains to the east. All the men coming quickly to the mouth of the cave saw it, and knew the sky god, though he would not condescend to come down to earth, had given them this hint where to find the stolen horses.

And it proved true. When the warriors rode toward the plains to the east of the camp they found the three valuable buffalo runners almost immediately. They were in the possession of a hostile tribe, and were cleverly hidden in a gulch.

After a sharp fight the animals were recovered and led home in triumph. All the way back the men returned thanks to the sky god who looked down on them benignly from the edge of a big white cloud.

III.

The Indian's Paint Brush

A LEGEND OF THE ROCKIES.

In the Rockies grows profusely a stiff-standing mountain flower, called the Indian Paint Brush. There is a story about how the first one came to grow there.

A young Indian chief was once taken prisoner by a hostile tribe. He was condemned to death by torture: but from exposure and wounds became so very sick that his enemies feared he would die, and so rob them of their merry-making. It was decided that he must be carefully nursed back to health, before he was told his fate.

To deceive him, they pretended to treat him kindly, and gave him as nurse a deformed girl, whom the young men of the tribe looked upon with aversion, through no fault that she could help, but because of her disfigurement. She had a very kind heart, and made an excellent nurse. Through the sick man's long weary nights of delirium and fretting, she never lost her self-control or her patience.

The girl had no lover; and gradually she began to think very tenderly of the young stranger. She loved

THE INDIAN'S PAINT BRUSH

him all the more faithfully because she knew he was condemned to die. Day and night she tried to think of schemes to free him.

When she could no longer pretend that he was ill, and knew that the day was fast approaching when she must give him up to the tormentors, she decided to tell him all.

"I know you are so brave," she said, "that you will not quail at the thought of torture; yet I cannot see you die. There is a chance that you may escape safely down the great mountain gorges and reach the land of your people once more, if you do as I say. I will stay here and delay my people, so they will not know you are gone. I will amuse them; I will trick them; I will tell them strange stories, until they do not know which way you have gone. By the time they start on the chase you will be safely over the mountains."

"When they learn that you have tricked them," said the young chief, "they will torture you."

At that the maiden hung her head, and all the love she had for him showed in her tell-tale face.

"You are brave, and handsome, and deserve to live," she said, in a low voice: "I am despised, and death is welcome to one whom no person loves."

Then the young chief, remembering all she had done, and all she was ready to do to save his life, loved her with all his heart.

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"I am willing to try to escape," he said: "but you must come with me. It is no use urging me to go alone, for I will not leave you behind in danger."

All day they planned what they should do. When any of the old chiefs looked into the wigwam, to see how the patient did, and if he would not soon be ready to leave his bed, the stranger appeared to be very ill indeed, and lay moaning and tossing on his couch, as though wracked by fever. When they left he would sit up again, and resume his conversation.

At nightfall they stole away from the camp. All around the fire were ranged the braves, dancing heathenish dances, and preparing the feast, and sharpening the knives that were to be used for the young man's torture. The bright fire blinded their eyes to cut-lying objects, and the noise they were making deafened their ears. So quite easily the young people eluded them, and reached a place of safety in the mountain gorges.

After awhile they reached the home of the young chief, where the people treated the maiden he had brought with kindness, and gave her a high place among the women. Under such favorable treatment the maiden improved much in looks and spirits, until the time came when people spoke no more of her deformity.

But one day a wild wave of home-sickness for her

THE INDIAN'S PAINT BRUSH

own people came over her. She could neither eat nor sleep. She became so ill that the people thought she would die. Then they allowed her to leave their village; and she wandered back through the mountain gorges, until she could see once more the blue smoke rising from the lodges where dwelt her father and mother, and all her relatives.

As she stood drinking in the sight, so fair and pleasant under the balmy summer sky, two warriors came along the path, close to the rock behind which she crouched. They were talking of her and her husband. They had not forgiven the stranger for escaping from their hands, nor her for helping him to escape; and they certainly intended killing them if they ever found them.

Alas, it would be impossible for her to return to her home and make herself known. She must go back to her husband and his people, who were kind to her, and never, never see her native place again. But before she left the scene forever, she desired some little memento, some keepsake, to remind her of her old home. Stripping off a sheet of birch-bark, she quickly decided to draw a picture of the village on it, using as a brush a bit of thorn-stick which had pierced her foot while walking, and for paint the blood that oozed from the wound.

Pursued by warriors before her picture was finished,

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she was compelled to flee for safety through the dark opening in the hills by which she had come. She held on to her picture, but dropped the brush. Where it fell it took root, and blossomed into a sturdy plant, the flower it bore being the shape of a paint-brush, and a bright red, almost the color of blood.

IV.

The Legend of Devil's Lake

Many impressive objects of nature, such as a mountain peak, a jagged rock, a contorted tree, a waterfall, or a lonely lake, became things of awe to the Red men, and about them many a story grew up. So it happened that a tale came to be told about Devil's Lake, called by the Indians Minnewaukan—mysterious water.

To this day the Indians avoid passing this lake in the mountains after nightfall; neither will they drink the water, no matter how thirsty they are, nor eat the fish it contains, though they be starving. They think it is infested with spirits.

A certain young brave had often heard from the old people of his tribe how a fierce battle had been fought on the edge of Minnewaukan. On the very shore the fighting had been most severe, some engaging in hand to hand combat, swaying back and forth across the craggy rocks that border the lake. Others fought on the water in canoes. When the battle was over the lonely lake was full of corpses, and its waters were red with blood that gives them a brownish color to this day.

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

What wonder that the spirits of the slain hovered around the fatal spot! The people made hideous noises and built bon-fires to drive them away; but they persisted in staying, until the Indians went away and ever after avoided the haunted spot. On several occasions when the night was very dark, people had heard the spirits moan and howl dismally, only becoming silent at daybreak.

The young chief had heard all this from his fathers; but being very brave, he made up his mind that he would pitch a tent on the shore of the lake, and live there until he had conquered the spirits and driven them away forever. Then his tribe would bless him and honor his name.

There were those who said he could never have found the courage to attempt such a thing had it not been for the white man's blood that flowed in his veins. Away back three or four generations, he had had a white trader for his ancestor.

He had not yet gone to sleep on the first night of his camping there, when he heard such a whimpering and wailing outside his tent that he knew the spirits were after him. They wished to drag him down to the Land of Ghosts and Shadows where they dwelt. All spirits wish this. The spirit of a brave will prowl around the old home, seeking his wife or child to bear him company in the world of shadows, or a mighty

THE LEGEND OF DEVIL'S LAKE

hunter will not be satisfied until his horse is killed and so freed for his use in the Happy Hunting Grounds. That is why whole villages of red men have to move off after a death, until the spirit forgets where its friends used to live.

Next day the young brave was joined by a friend, who seeing that he was still alive and unhurt, offered to stay with him. Needless to say the offer was gladly accepted. For a night or two the friends stayed together on the shores of the lake, only molested by the queer noises which commenced at sunset and did not cease till daybreak.

Soon, however, the friend of the young chief sickened and died. Courage almost fled as the dauntless brave realized that his helpmate had gone to join the spirit forces against him. The ghosts had taken a partial revenge, and they would not be satisfied until they had completed their work, and dragged him down also to their home under the lake. It was a fight to the finish. He could not hope to match them by strength: only a trick would save him.

The spirit of the dead man, whose body lay in the wigwam, at once became the leader of all the other spirits; for he was not long away from earth, and so was much more vigorous than those who had wandered a long while through the mists of Ghostland. The young brave knew that if he could overcome the

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spirit of his friend he would be master of all the others.

He was terribly afraid to touch the body of the dead man, but gingerly he wrapped it up in a blanket and tied it about with cords. Cutting a hole in the side of the wigwam, he pushed the body through, and crawled out after it. Running swiftly around the wigwam three times, he made off with his bundle at top speed into the forest.

He had won the day. The spirit was at a loss to find the hole through which it had been forced so quickly, and after wandering about forlornly for some time, it went away, followed by all the other spirits which had so long troubled the lake.

The young chief returned in triumph to his people, where he was given their most beautiful maiden for his wife, and in every way treated with great respect. The Indians do not avoid the lake any more; though very few of them are willing to be caught crossing its brown waters after night has fallen.



"A tall man walked away with a load of pemmican on his back" J. T. J.

V.

Where the Chinooks Come From

Along the eastern ranges of the Rocky Mountains, from Calgary to the International Boundary line, and extending as far across the prairies as Swift Current, Saskatchewan, lies the Chinook Belt. In this favored part of the country, every year about the middle of February, just when people are growing very tired of the cold weather, a remarkably warm wind begins to blow over the mountains and through the passes. Sometimes like a gale it drives the snow from the prairie into the coulees, or, perhaps, as a soft zephyr it breathes over the land, running the thermometer up at the rate of a degree a minute, and melting the snow in two or three hours.

The Blood Indians say it was not always so. There was a time when the Chinook winds did not come in mid-winter to release the snowy plains from the fetters of frost. It was one of their own chiefs who made the discovery which resulted in bringing this great blessing to mankind.

Chief Tall Man, as a youth, had lived among the Pale Faces, and had learned from them a foolhardy

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contempt for the mysteries of nature. He could see to the south-east of the mountain range the square head of Chief Mountain rising against the sky. He had been told that a cave on that peak was the home of the winds, but that any Indian who had gone up to investigate had never returned.

Tall Man laughed this tradition to scorn.

"Prepare me food for a long journey," he commanded. "I will find out whether any winds are imprisoned on Chief Mountain."

Some of the tribe who disliked Tall Man urged him to go; but others who were concerned for his safety held him back with entreaties and prayers.

His enemies said he was part White Man, and no true Indian, so, perhaps, the mountain gods would disdain to punish him.

When Tall Man left the village the frozen plains lay lifeless under the spell of winter. Snow crackled under foot; the trees were swathed in ice. But a purple mist shrouded the base of Chief Mountain, and a faint, far-off, sighing sound was heard in the passes.

As Tall Man walked away, with a pack of pemican on his back, the awesome stillness was broken by the jeers of his enemies and by the sobs and groans of his friends.

"We shall never see him again," sighed his friends.

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"He is no true Indian," jeered his enemies. "The mountain deities will not bother with a Pale Face."

All morning Tall Man plodded on. The snow was deep, and the cold intense. The trail up the mountain side was very steep, and at times he feared he must let slip from his back the supply of food he carried. At last he had climbed up very near the square head of the peak—very much nearer than ever man had been before.

A sighing and rumbling sound issued from a cave at the back of the mountain. It was the place where the mountain gods had imprisoned the winds. These had been sent by kindly spirits up the coast from the southern seas, to flow through the mountain passes, and waken to life the frozen plains of the north. But half way across they had been caught by the spiteful spirits of the mountains, and imprisoned in the same cave where was chained the wrathful Thunder Bird.

To let out the imprisoned south winds was but the work of a moment. Through the narrow opening they rushed pell-mell, bursting their prison beyond repair. Away they went through the Kootenay Pass with a roar like thunder. They swooped to the plains, chasing the snow and honey-combing the ice in the rivers.

But Tall Man had roused the fury of the mountain gods. The purple haze shrouding Chief Mountain changed to black. The Thunder Bird shrieked, fire

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darting from his terrible eyes.

The people on the plains cowered under a terrific storm of wind and rain. When it passed the weather became warm and mild. The horses went to seek pasture in the gulches. The fires in the teepees died out. Spring had come.

The friends of Tall Man looked for his return. His enemies were silent. At last their waiting was turned into mourning, for they knew the brave chief had perished by the fury of the mountain deities. His name is remembered with reverence in the tribe, for the great good he brought to his people. Every year since that time the Chinook winds from the southern Pacific have blown freely through the mountains, to refresh the winter-weary land.

VI.

The Doings of the Thunder Bird

At one time the Thunder Bird almost became master of the world. Whenever he got angry with people he amused himself by throwing darts at them. The people feared him so that they would run into hiding at the sound of his voice, and even the rocks would run down hill when they heard him coming.

Usually he lived on a high mountain peak where he had a nest of young thunders. The people would have honored as a great hero any man who could destroy the nest of the Thunder Bird, but it was beyond human power to accomplish it.

At the least provocation the Thunder Bird would fly out of his nest in the mountains, and go screaming across the sky, hurling cruel arrows at the people, and even at the inoffensive animals. He really killed very many innocent creatures, and he had all the rest so frightened that they ran into a cave and hid there.

After awhile the people sent the turtle out to speak to the Thunder Bird. He had a very thick shell on his back, and he was noted for being stout of heart and bold of speech.

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"Kill me, if you can!" the turtle cried to the Thunder Bird.

The Thunder Bird aimed arrows at him, but failed to hurt him. Always they glanced off his thick shell.

"Try again!" mocked the turtle.

The Thunder Bird tried till he was tired.

"You are not able to hurt people and animals," said the turtle: "maybe you could hit a tree, or some big object."

The Thunder Bird became quite discouraged. He really believed he had lost his luck in killing people. Now he contents himself with shooting his arrows at the trees. But he kills a man or an animal occasionally, when his luck is good, especially if they are standing beside a tree.

VII.

The Naming of the Yellowhead Pass

Jaspar Hawes was a French trader, who penetrated the rocky mountains by way of the Athabaska River, setting up Jaspar House as a rival to Henry House established by the Hudson's Bay Company.

About the name of Jaspar Hawes clings many a story of the long ago. He was a man who possessed a head of flaming yellow hair—and who also possessed a no less flaming temper. He stood a good deal of teasing in his day, because of his uncouth appearance, but must, we think, rest easy in his grave when he realizes how deep an impression he made on the place and time.

Many places in the Yellowhead region bear his name. Yellowhead itself tells the story of his bright colored hair. The main street of the city of Edmonton is Jaspar Avenue, and from there the Jaspar trail leads to the mountains. Jaspar National Park is also named in his honor, with Jaspar House, Jaspar Lake, and Yellowhead Lake within its boundaries. A little farther on is the town of Tete Jaune Cache—

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meaning the cache or hiding-place of the Yellowhead.

Near the site of Jaspar House are the Miette Hot Springs, destined to become as famous a health resort as the hot springs at Banff.

The Indians were familiar with both Henry House and Jaspar House in the early days of the fur trade, and frequently brought down their rich stores of furs to barter there. But the inmates of Henry House are well-nigh forgotten. They named no lake, mountain, or park.

The Indians used to say, "The hair of the Yellow-head is so fiery it will set the mountains in a blaze."

And that is what it has done. It has gone from one end of the pass to the other, leaving a trail of glory behind.

Legends of the Pacific

- 1—*The Lone Rock of the Pacific.*
- 2—*The Lions of Vancouver.*
- 3—*Yaada: A Legend of the Capilano Canyon.*
- 4—*The Hagi Reef.*
- 5—*The Huldanggats.*
- 6—*Why the Niska are Divided into Two Villages.*
- 7—*The Origin of Fire: A Legend of the Lillooets.*
- 8—*The Seven Sisters.*
- 9—*The War of the Four Tribes.*
- 10—*How the Rivers were Made in the Queen Charlotte Islands.*
- 11—*The Making of the Coast Mountains.*
- 12—*The Spring at Skidegate.*

I.

The Lone Rock of the Pacific

ON THE shore of the Pacific Ocean, in British Columbia, stands a solitary, weather-beaten rock, rising about seven feet above the water, and long ago worn smooth by the pounding of the waves. In shape it resembles a human figure, and the coast Indians will tell you that it is all that is left of a woman, who stood looking out to sea, watching for her sons to come home, until she turned to stone.

A long time ago a Nasqualey family lived on this spot. A widowed mother and four stalwart sons made up the family. The three younger sons were full brothers, but the oldest was a half-brother, who had never been treated fairly by the rest of the family. They refused to share with him the spoils of hunting, although he was generous with them, and shared whatever he had. He was a powerful medicine-man, and a worker of magic; but because he was greater than the other three they conspired against him.

At last he became tired of their ill-treatment, and resolved to punish them, for he had great power. One day he came home and told the three brothers of a big

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seal he had found in the water near their lodge. He, however, concealed the fact that he had made the animal, and it was, therefore, his favorite and friend.

The brothers, eager to see such a queer creature, ran to the shore, where they found it quite as he had described it. Such an animal had never been known in the world before, so they began to discuss what its temper and habits might be. Then their ill-will overcame them, and they struck the creature with their spears, hoping to kill it. Alas, they found it impossible to draw their spears out again, or to free their hands. The seal swam out to sea, and the brothers were dragged after, crying lustily for help from the magic-maker, who stood on the shore mocking their distress.

After a long day's journey the seal stopped at an island in the sea, where the three bad brothers were allowed to land. They hid at once among the bushes, for they feared they were in an enemy's country, and that they would be attacked. Then they began to think the island was not inhabited, and that was almost as bad, for they were in need of food and rest, and would probably die of exposure.

After awhile they spied a very small canoe, paddled by a very small man, a dwarf. Casting a stone to anchor the dwarf began to fish. His method of fishing was very strange. He would dive beneath the

THE LONE ROCK OF THE PACIFIC

water, then come to the surface dragging a fish almost as large as himself. This he would throw into the bottom of the boat, always taking care to count his catch.

"One, two, three!"

And the next time,

"One, two, three, four!"

The brothers were scared at first; but they had not yet learned how to respect the rights of others. One of them, who was very hungry, proposed swimming out and stealing a fish, while the dwarf was under the water.

This was at once attempted. So quick were the movements of the thief that he seized the fish and returned to his brothers before the little man rose to the surface.

"One, two, three—" counted the dwarf, and looked around.

Where was fish number four?

He knew at once that enemies were hiding in the bushes near by. Drawing in his anchor without delay, he set out to find them. He caught the three brothers in their hiding-place, and being much stronger than he looked, he made them all fast with stout cords, and threw them into the bottom of his boat.

In the village to which he went only dwarfs lived.

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On both sides of the street stood tiny houses, with doors so small that an ordinary person would have to crawl through on his hands and knees, if he wished to see inside. Furniture and implements were small to match. The three brothers were thrown bound into a lodge so small that their feet stuck out the doors and windows.

A council was called to decide their fate. No doubt it was to be instant death, for the dwarfs swarmed about them very angrily. But just while the meeting was going on, a flock of large birds, resembling geese, flew over the village, attacking and scattering the people. These birds had the power of throwing quills like porcupines, and though the dwarfs fought valiantly they were overcome, and fell to the ground full of the poisonous quills.

Then the three brothers strove hard to burst their cords, and when they had succeeded they ran to the villagers, and pulled the quills from their quivering bodies, so that many of the dwarfs did not die. Of course they were grateful to the brothers, and offered to grant them any favor they might ask.

As you can guess, the brothers begged to be allowed to leave the island and return to their own land; and the dwarfs called another meeting to decide how this could be accomplished. After awhile a whale offered to carry them home on his back. When about

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half-way across he changed his mind and decided that if he made them into fishes they could finish the journey themselves. So the three brothers became porpoises.

Just as there had never been seals in the world before, so these were the first porpoises ever created. And as the three brothers had attacked the seal, so to this day porpoises and seals are constantly fighting and trying to kill one another.

Can you wonder that the mother in the old home grew tired looking for her sons to return? She watched and waited in vain for many a long day, standing stone-still on the sea-shore. The waves beat around her; still she did not move. Then it was seen that she could not. She had turned to rock, and so you may see her standing there to-day, if you make the journey up the Pacific coast.

II.

The Lions of Vancouver

The "Lions Couchant" are twin peaks that overlook the harbour of Vancouver. They are well-known to travellers, as they are one of the notable sights of the Pacific Coast.

There is an interesting Indian legend about the lions, just as there is about so many imposing objects of nature the sight of which filled the superstitious mind of the Indian with awe.

Among the Indians of the coast when a girl reaches the state of womanhood she is the guest of honor at a great feast. The more influential the parents of the girl the more sumptuous is the feast. If she is the daughter of a chief, the neighboring chiefs and their clans are invited. Sometimes the feast will last a week, or even longer.

Many, many years ago the coast Indians were engaged in a very great war. At the same time one of the chiefs living in the south, near where Vancouver now stands, had twin daughters who had just reached their majority. Now the chief would have preferred to go on up the coast and finish the fight with his ene-



"Huge fires were built on every hill"

THE LIONS OF VANCOUVER

mies, but the people of his tribe asked for the customary feast, which etiquette demanded should be very magnificent in accordance with his wealth and influence. Therefore he called a halt in the fighting, so rigid were the rules of native ceremonial in those days.

Now the young women who were to be so honored had the right to ask a favor, or make a wish, which was to be granted to them, if it lay in human power. For a long time the twins thought about the matter, and consulted between themselves and with their mother. At last they approached their father, exacting from him the customary promise that he would fulfil their wish, if it lay in his power.

Then they startled the bloodthirsty old chief by asking that he invite to their feast the enemies with whom he was at war. The great chief was sorry and angry by turns, because when a promise is made on such an occasion it is next to impossible to break it. He urged his daughters to ask anything else of him, but the girls were firm, and he was forced to yield.

"This is our great feast, father," they said, "and for one day we rule you and all the tribe. So you must do as we wish, and our desire is that you ask all the tribes up and down the coast, friends and enemies alike, giving a special invitation to those with whom we are at war at present."

In a very bad humor the old chief sent his messen-

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gers all along the coast. Huge fires were built on every hill, which was a sign that fighting had ceased for a little while and peace was desired. The warring tribes saw these fires and wondered. They were afraid the old chief was luring them into a trap. But it would have been very bad form for them to have refused the invitation. In the end they all accepted, and came in great numbers with their wives and families.

The feast was the greatest ever seen on the coast, and lasted many weeks. When it was through all the chiefs declared they were tired of fighting, and willing to go back to their homes and engage in peaceful pursuits. So the twin girls had brought good to the people, and were held in honor for their great and kindly deed.

What had been done did not escape the notice of the mountain god, Sagalie Tye. It pleased him well to see the children of men cease from their cruel warfare, and he gave all the honor for this happy state of affairs to the maidens.

"Their names shall live among the children of men," he decreed. "I intend to make them immortal."

So he came to the earth as a gale of wind, invisible but powerful, and catching up the two maidens bore them away to the top of the high mountain then back of the Indian camp, but now back of the great city of

THE LIONS OF VANCOUVER

Vancouver. There he turned them into twin peaks. He told the Indians that they should be called the Twin Sisters, and that henceforth they should stand as the emblem of peace and brotherliness. He promised that while they stood there no more war should trouble that part of the coast.

And things have turned out as Sagalie Tye said. Now though the white people call these peaks the "Crouching Lions," the Indians speak of them as the "Two Sisters."

III.

Yaada

(A LEGEND OF THE CAPILANO CANYON.)

Perhaps you have noticed that the waters of the Capilano River have a peculiar murmur, like the sobbing of a human voice, as they come through the narrow gorge of the Capilano Canyon. But did you know that it is really the moaning of a spirit woman, a little lonely creature, who sobs out her undying love for a man from whom she is separated?

“It was Yaada, lovely Yaada, who first taught the
stream its singing,
For 'twas silent till her coming, and 'twas voiceless
as the shore;
But throughout the great forever it will sing the
song undying
That the lips of lovers sing forevermore.”

Yaada, the basket weaver, was one of the loveliest daughters of the Haida people on Queen Charlotte Island. She was wooed by a chief of the Squamish, who ruled the coastal waters and made war on her people. It was her singing and her smiles that caused him to cease making war. He became so much in love that his hands forgot their cunning, his fierce weapons

YAADA

rusted, and for many months he did nothing but try to win her affection. In this he succeeded too well, so that at last to the surprise of all her people, who bitterly hated the Squamish chief, she rose up and followed him from the land of Totem Poles to the Capilano Canyon, where his people dwelt.

The old women of the Haidas used enchantments and magic to get Yaada back. They wailed and prayed for many days.

"Bring her back, O Squamish foeman," they cried: "bring back our Yaada flower!"

But only silence answered them.

Then the men of the Haidas resolved to make war on the Squamish chief, and swarmed across the coastal waters, hundreds strong. They paddled trackless miles, and coming by stealth up the Capilano Canyon succeeded in surprising the foe and carrying off the beautiful Yaada. Amid great rejoicing they brought her again to her own people in the Queen Charlotte Islands.

But Yaada, who had looked well and happy on her return, soon began to fade. She spent her days in silence, and it was suspected among the women that she wept whole nights away in the forest. She no longer wove baskets, and nothing useful was found in her hands.

The truth was Yaada was pining for her Squamish

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lover. He, who in her eyes was a prince among men, had treated her kindly and generously, so that, although she was far from her own home, she was happy and lacked nothing. She longed to see him again. Anywhere with him was happiness! Exile with her lover was preferable to her old home without him!

But she never got back to the Capilano Canyon alive. She was afraid to tell her people the longing of her heart, because of their fierce hate for the Squamish chief. She fretted and pined in silence, until death at last freed her.

Just as she had longed for her chief so had he longed for her, standing day by day beside the canyon, looking to see her come through the narrows.

As soon as her meek little spirit was freed by death, it immediately flew to join him. Up and down the Capilano Canyon echoed the spirit voice, calling him.

“ Her little lonely spirit sought the Capilano Canyon,
When she died among the Haidas, in the land of
Totem Poles,
And you yet may hear her singing to her lover-like
companion,
If you listen to the river as it rolls.”

That is why the river seems to sob sometimes in the evening, when the wigwam fires are burning on Lulu Island, and the smokes are wreathing up in thin circles to the summit of the Dream Hills behind Capilano Canyon.

IV.

The Hagi Reef

Hagi, meaning striped, is a Haida town on the largest of the Bolkus Islands, which is one of the Queen Charlotte group. It derived its name from a reef, which lies a little way out in the sea.

The Haida Indians say that this reef was the first land to appear above the waters after the flood. It bore the ancestors of all the Raven people upon it, their great ancestor, the Raven, being so strong of wing that he kept himself above the water, bearing at the same time several small ravens upon his back. Of course he was glad to alight and rest his weary wings on the first piece of land that showed above the waste of waters. This happened to be the Hagi reef. From that point the people of the Raven clan spread to the villages they now occupy.

V.

The Huldanggats

The Huldanggats are an important branch of the Raven clan among the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Their name means "slaves," and you may wonder how they got it, and why they accept it without protest to this day.

A native story relates how a chief's wife was once giving these people food after a famine. They made poor work of waiting their turn, showing no patience, no politeness, or consideration for the rights of others. The ones who received food ate, and ate, as though they would never have enough.

Finally the chief's wife exclaimed in disgust, "You are not heroes and warriors! You are no better than slaves!"

Other tribes, who were their enemies, heard of the taunt and remembered it. It stuck to them like the bark to a tree, though at first they resented it greatly. Now they do not care, and it is likely that the Huldanggats will be known as slaves to the end of time.

VI.

Why the Niska are Divided into Two Villages

The Niska Indians are a tribe living near Nass Bay, B.C. At present their houses stand in a single row, following the river bank. Carved heraldic columns are erected in front, bearing the crest of the deceased owner at the base, and that of the successor at the top. In some of the older villages, resting along the river bank, there are grave houses, surmounted by animal or bird forms, representing the totemic emblems of the dead.

In old times the Niska were one people, but now they are divided into two—Kitkahteen, people of the lower valley, and Kitanweliks, people above the canyon. There is a reason for this sad separation.

The word Nass means stomach, or food depot, and is so called because the salmon run there in such large numbers that they furnish nearly all the food the people need.

One day some little boys were amusing themselves by catching salmon and cutting slits in their backs, into which they inserted flat stones, playing they were

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whales. This so incensed the guardian spirit of the hills, who knew how valuable the salmon were to the people, that he rose from the mountains in wrath, enveloped in a spreading black cloud, which was so large that it turned day into night. Rolling down the mountainside in a river of fire and smoke, he threatened destruction of the Niska villages.

The terrified people fled in all directions, many of them taking refuge in the hills. When the calamity passed they were so bewildered that they did not know which way to return home. For days they wandered about in the hills, hungry, lost, and penitent for the great wrong that their children had committed.

The god of the hills, pacified by their grief, retired at last to his mountain retreat, and the people timidly ventured forth to try to find their former villages. But they never lived together again. When quiet and order were restored they began to build separate villages, just as they look at present, one above the canyon, and the other below.

VII.

The Origin of Fire

A LEGEND OF THE LILLOOETS.)

For many generations the people of the Lillooet valley had no fire. They ate their meat and vegetables raw. They had a vague feeling that things would taste better if put through some roasting or cooking process, but they did not know how to do it. What made them more discontented than ever was the fact that they had heard about fire. They had seen forks of it run through the sky during a storm; and they had heard that a tribe far to the north of them had caught some of it, for on chilly nights great lights appeared in the northern sky, which was likely the reflection of fires used by their neighbors at some dance or pot-latch feast.

The women of the Lillooet country complained loudly that they had no fire. They were tired of eating raw food, and most of all they wanted fire to roast their dried salmon skins. They fretted and wept until the men of the tribe could stand it no longer.

Two of their strongest men were brothers, Big Eagle and Big Beaver. These two stood up and spoke to the people:

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"We have never visited the home of the people who own the fire. We only know it is far north of here. We have heard that the tribe is very strong and fierce, and we do not know of any way to make them give us fire. But we will go and see what can be done. We will not be back in a short time, for we must observe their ways, and try to match them in skill and cunning, so that if they refuse to give fire to us, we may take it from them by trickery."

Then they started north on snowshoes. They travelled a week before they came to the home of the people who owned the fire. They found them a very fierce and war-like tribe. They didn't even ask them for fire: they knew it would be refused. So they sat down to watch them, and to think out some plan of stealing fire from them.

Nightly they saw the big bonfires kindled, which had made the bright reflection on the sky, as observed by their own people. So lavish of their fire were they that frequently they roasted human victims and danced around them until late in the night.

For many, many days Big Eagle and Big Beaver lay in hiding, very much afraid to try their skill against such a tribe, and yet unwilling to return home to their lamenting people without the great boon of fire.

At last Big Beaver announced that he had thought of a plan. He said that he would cover himself with

THE ORIGIN OF FIRE

a beaver's skin, and that his companion must dress to look like a real eagle, with long feathers all over his body.

Then Big Beaver set to work. Diving to the bottom of the lake on the shores of which were the lodges of the people who owned the fire, he burrowed into the mud and made an opening into the bottom of one of the dwellings. But before he had succeeded in finishing his task, he was seen by an old chief, shot full of arrows, and dragged in beside the fire.

"Skin him and roast him," instructed the old chief, kicking him with his foot.

The people proceeded to do this. They were very sure he was dead, so went to work in a leisurely fashion. They took time to examine the clam-shell he had carried under his arm, and they discussed loudly as to why he had brought it with him.

But Big Beaver had instructed his companion, Big Eagle, to stay close at hand, ready to help him if he should get caught. No sooner did Big Eagle see him in distress, than he went to the top of a tree, and perched there like a real eagle ready to swoop down on the camp. This drew the attention of the people, and they all ran out of their lodges, and tried to shoot the queer bird, because they wanted his feathers.

Big Beaver was left alone for several minutes. Not being very seriously wounded, he soon sat up and

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looked around. Quickly he opened his clam-shell and filled it with fire from the blazing pile before him. Then he as quickly dived under the house and swam away.

Big Eagle, who had not been wounded by the arrows of his enemies, quickly joined his friend; and together they returned to the Lillooet country, bearing the clam-shell filled with the precious fire. As Big Beaver walked along through the forest, he put a piece of live coal into the heart of a cedar tree. So after that, when people wished to start a fire, they used a drill of cedar, and always succeeded in obtaining fire from it.

VIII.

The Seven Sisters

(A LEGEND OF THE PACIFIC COAST.)

Once a young man thought that he ought to make a long fast. Among his people it was considered proper for a youth who had just attained his majority to do so. He selected a lonely lake, where human beings never came. There he built a little lodge, and went into it to fast and pray.

One evening as he lay quietly in his lodge, he heard a faint, sweet sound, as of distant music. It seemed high up at first, as if coming from the sky, then gradually drew nearer earth, until he felt sure it was coming from the shore of the lake near by. Cautiously he approached the spot, hiding himself in the shadows of the trees. The night was very clear, with scarcely a cloud in the sky. Reaching the shore, he concealed himself in the reeds and rushes, and saw a most wonderful thing.

Seven young maidens, more lovely than earth-women, were dancing in the faint light of the stars. No swell was on the bosom of the lake: no stir was in the forest. The sound of their feet alone broke the stillness.

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Unfortunately the young man rustled the reeds among which he was standing; when on the instant the maidens sprang into a large basket, and vanished into the sky.

The young man went back to his fasting lodge, but the next night he went early to his hiding place, and was rewarded by seeing the basket descend from the sky, bearing the seven sisters. Again the night was beautifully clear and still, and again they sang and danced under the faint light of the stars.

Sometimes they danced alone; and then the young man observed that one sister was more beautiful than the others. She was so lovely that he forgot he was in hiding, and gave a little cry of delight and admiration. Instantly all seven vanished into the sky.

It was many nights before they returned. Storm and cloud hung over the lake. Rain fell in torrents, and thunder and lightning filled the spirit of the young man with fear. Once his lodge was nearly upturned by the wind; and once a dart of lightning came down and struck the tree that was nearest his dwelling. He could not help feeling that the sky people were angry with him.

Still his love for the sky maiden grew stronger every day. It was no longer an effort for him to fast: he was sick of love and could not eat. When he next saw the seven dancers, disporting themselves on the lake

THE SEVEN SISTERS

shore on a clear starlight night, he forgot all about the anger of the sky people, and rushed in among them to seize the most beautiful sister.

All the maidens ran to the basket, but the young man had seized the most beautiful one with such a firm hold that she was dragged out as the basket began to ascend, and the two fell to the earth together.

The beautiful maiden said :

"I am not a mortal. I live in the sky land with my six sisters. Often you see us in the sky ; but sometimes, when the evenings are very fair we come to dance on the shore of this lake. I cannot marry you and live on the earth. The best I can do is take you with me to the sky."

It would have been better for both of them if he had remained on the earth, and allowed her to go back to her people, for sky people and earth people seldom get along well together. But he would not give her up, so she took him with her to the sky.

We call the seven sisters the Pleiades now ; but if you will observe them closely, you will notice that only six show clearly. The other sister was so ashamed of marrying a mortal, that ever since she has sat back in the shadow with her husband.

IX.

The War of the Four Tribes

In very ancient times, so the Shuswap fathers say, the Crees on the east, the Thompson River Indians on the south, and the Lillooet Indians on the west, declared war on the Shuswaps of the north. These tribes had shown their malice in many small ways before, but the Shuswaps were both surprised and unprepared when they heard that messengers had been sent out with the war moccasin, and that the three hostile tribes had planned to meet on the east bank of the Fraser River and there join forces.

For many days the Shuswaps waited in suspense and fear. They were very brave, but they could not hope to match their three powerful enemies combined. At last their outposts came back with the news that the three tribes were assembling on the bank of the Fraser. There were several hundred warriors there, hideous in war paint and feathers.

They marched until they were opposite Lone Cabin Creek, where they halted to await the arrival of some of their band. As they waited a most wonderful thing happened. They were all changed into pillars of clay. They stand there still in battle array, the tall Crees on the right, the smaller Thompsons in the middle, and the dwarf Lillooets on the left.

X.

How the Rivers Were Made in The Queen Charlotte Islands

In many legends of the Pacific Coast the raven takes a leading part, usually acting as a clever human being rather than a bird. The Haida Indians think that he was the means of forming the rivers on Queen Charlotte Islands, also the Skeena and Stikine.

They say the beaver was very fond of a certain pond of water on the island, and had made his home beside it, where he lived in peace and plenty. He appeared so happy that the raven, always a mischievous being, became jealous of him, and resolved to disturb his quiet.

One day the raven came to the beaver, disguised as a poor old man. He met the beaver returning to his home, laden down with the fruits of his toil, twigs, berries, and fish.

"Why are you here?" asked the beaver politely.

"I am in hard circumstances," replied the raven.

"I come to beg for food."

The beaver invited him into his lodge, and set food before him. The raven stayed many days, and ate

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the food his kind host procured for him. He did not even say thanks for it; but if the beaver grew tired of working for both of them, he gave no sign.

One day the beaver had to go a long way from home to get food.

"I expect to be away for several days," he explained to his guest. "You may stay here, and keep the fires burning, so that all will be comfortable when I return. If I have good luck I hope to have enough food to last us all winter."

No sooner was the beaver gone than the mischievous raven began to plot evil. He knew how much the beaver loved the lake; indeed, he could hardly exist without it. His home was built upon its shores, and he made it his daily habit to have a bath in its clear blue waters.

The raven stood on the shore for a long time, picking at something under his feet with his long sharp bill. Presently the edge of the lake came loose, and began to curl up. The raven was delighted, and with hoarse cries kept on rolling it up like a blanket. When he had gathered it into a bundle, he took it in his strong beak and flew far away.

When the beaver came home he had not much food with him. His search had not proved successful. So he at once wished to go out on his pond and fish. But when he looked—alas, it was not there!

HOW THE RIVERS WERE MADE

Sweeping his eye all around the horizon, the beaver caught sight of the raven perched on the top of a big cedar tree, still holding the folded lake in his beak. He went to the foot of the tree, and begged him to throw it down.

The raven only croaked in shrill delight.

Then the beaver set to work to gnaw the trunk of the cedar. He knew the folded lake was so heavy that the raven could not fly far with it. But when the tree fell, the raven with a hoarse cry flew to the next tree close by.

By this time a number of animals had gathered at the foot of the tree. Each helped in whatever way he could. The wolves dug at the tree roots; the bears offered to climb the trunk, and frighten the raven into letting go his hold. The beavers cut down half a dozen trees but still the raven flew from one tree to the next, evading them all.

So they chased him all through the forest. Always he succeeded in getting away from them, but sometimes he spilled water from his rolled-up lake. This falling to the ground, made little streams trickle in different places over the islands. Soon these grew and formed rivers which to this day are seen flowing from the inland to the sea.

The raven made good his escape to the mainland, and the pond he had stolen was never seen again. He

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must have dropped it among the countless lakes of British Columbia. But on his way he spilled a good deal of the water, for from that source started the two big rivers, Skeena and Stikine.

XI.

The Making of the Coast Mountains

Once a hostile tribe stole a woman from the Haidas. She lived among them for a long time, but she never forgot her old home, and she constantly thought of plans for escape. For hours together she would sit and comb her long hair, and anoint it with oil.

Also she amused herself with a long whetstone.

"Why do you keep the whetstone?" her enemies asked her.

"To sharpen the household knives," she would answer; for they had made her a slave among them and given her the work of getting all the meals.

"Why do you keep your hair combings?" they would ask.

"To wrap up my neck in the winter time, and keep it warm," she told them.

One day the captive woman went out to get wood. As usual a man went with her, to make sure that she did not escape. This time they gathered so much wood that he said he would help her carry it home. She bound a very large bundle on his back, and when he sank under it, struggling to get on his feet, she ran away far into the forest.

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Her masters set out in hot pursuit after her. Soon she could hear the tramp of their feet, and their blood-curdling cries of vengeance. When they got almost close enough to catch her, she poured some of her hair-oil on the ground, and it at once became a lake, which they had to go around before coming up to her.

Soon they were upon her again. As she ran quickly on she broke off a piece of the whetstone, saying, "Become a mountain." So it grew until her pursuers had much trouble in getting over it.

But again they came up with her. Quickly she threw down some of her hair combings, which turned to a mass of fallen trees. Her enemies struggled for a long time to get through these.

Frequently when she heard them coming near she broke off pieces of whetstone. Each one became a mountain. At last in her despair she threw away a whole handful of broken pieces of whetstone. They became a great range of mountains, which her pursuers could not cross.

The woman ran on till she came to the sea, where she met a man of her own race, who took her into his boat and carried her safely to her home.

But the mountains she made that day still stand as a great range, forever a barrier between the inland tribes and those that live along the sea-coast.

XII.

The Spring at Skidegate

On Queen Charlotte's Island, there is a beautiful spring of clear, fresh water, which never dries up summer or winter, flowing from the face of a dry, burning rock. The Haida Indians tell the story of how it came into existence.

They say that many years ago, the infant son of a chief, bound to a hollow cedar board, was carried some distance from his home by his mother who had gone out seeking berries.

Although she was away but a short time, she came back to find that the tide was in, and that it had carried away board, baby and all into the sea.

Here was a plight, indeed! The child's parents took out a boat and searched for him all along the coast. They could not find him. The infant had been carried by the force of the waves far, far away. As the tide flowed out he was thrown high and dry upon the beach, near a dry burning rock, on a strip of hot sand.

The babe became very thirsty, and cried until he could cry no more. A raven flying past took pity on

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him, and striking the rock with his powerful beak caused a stream of fresh water to flow into the mouth of the infant chief. This sustained him, until he was found by his anxious parents.

When he grew up he became a great and powerful chief, who brought his people much good ; but not more good than the spring of fresh water, which still flows at Skidegate, brings to thirsty travellers, who pass along the strip of hot sand near the dry, burning rock.

General Legends

- 1—*Why Indians Tell Their Stories Only in Winter.*
- 2—*The Red Man's Story of Creation.*
- 3—*The Indian's Idea of the Flood.*
- 4—*The Origin of Wind and Rain.*
- 5—*Northern Lights.*
- 6—*What Makes the Earthquakes.*
- 7—*Indian Summer.*
- 8—*The Eclipse of the Sun.*
- 9—*Why the Autumn Leaves Turn Red.*
- 10—*How the White Man Treats the Indian.*
- 11—*The Moon Woman.*
- 12—*Grandmother Toad.*
- 13—*How the Evil Spirit Spoiled the Maple Sap.*
- 14—*The Grey Woodpecker and the Indian Maiden.*
- 15—*The Old Robin.*

I.

Why Indians Tell Their Stories Only in Winter

MOST of the stories told by the old men of the tribes are only recited during the long winter nights. These stories are so strange and wonderful that a young man would not be believed, if he related them. So the young people respectfully gather around the fire in the lodge of the chief story-teller, and listen. The old people are all agreed that it is unwise to tell stories in the summer time. As long as the weather is warm people should work, and gather supplies for the cold winter.

Moreover, it is said, toads will crawl into your bed if you disregard this rule. Some tribes have it that a snake will creep in after the story-teller falls asleep, and suck his blood.

Another reason for not telling these marvellous tales in the summer is that too many animals hear them, and they hurt their feelings.

Sometimes a good story-teller would keep his audience charmed for several nights by the relating of one myth. It was not uncommon to spin out the story

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of creation thus, perhaps adding little touches as the fancy of the narrator dictated. As these stories were never set down in writing, but merely handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth, it is no wonder they became confused, and are now difficult to get in the pure form of the original.

II.

The Red Man's Story of Creation

In many of the stories told by different Indian tribes there figures prominently a secondary deity, less in power than Manitou the Mighty, but of much greater strength and wisdom than mortals. This giant, or demi-god, was a queer mixture of good and bad, as full of virtue as of trickery. He capers through many Indian legends under different names. The Algonquins call him Michabo, the Blackfeet call him Napioa; to the Ojibways he is Nanna-Bijou, and to the Micmacs he is Glooscap. In many stories he is simply the Old Man; and so we may call him here.

On the great waste of waters created by Manitou, Old Man was sitting. No one knows just where, but it must have been on a log sticking up out of the water, or, perhaps, in a canoe which he had fashioned by his own skill. Near by was a woman, the first woman, whom Manitou had just finished making. Around them sported some of the animals, mainly water-creatures like the otter and the muskrat. Fishes already swam in the deep.

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Soon a discussion arose about the kind of substance Manitou used to hold up the waters, which stretched as far as eye could see.

"I will send down one of these creatures to find out," declared the woman.

First of all she sent one of the fishes; but as it could live all the time under water, it soon forgot why it had gone, and swam off in another direction to return no more.

Then the woman sent an otter; but being a timid animal, it lost its courage, and sank to the bottom.

Next the woman allowed the boastful wolf to try, not because he was a good swimmer, but because he was a conceited fellow, and was always telling the other animals what to do. Before he got wholly immersed in the cold water, his boastfulness was gone, and he was glad to cling to the side of the boat for support.

Last of all the woman sent the muskrat. Now the task was a very difficult one, and the muskrat stayed below water for so long a time that the others gave him up for dead; but at last his round wet head was seen rising from the waters, and in his fore-paw he clutched a sticky brown substance, which he had found underlying all the waters. It was mud. The woman worked it and rolled it about in her hands, observing

THE RED MAN'S STORY OF CREATION

that it grew larger all the time. Presently it increased to such a size that she could not hold it, so she cast it into the water, where it grew more rapidly than before. Soon it spread over a wide area, until it looked substantial enough for a person or an animal to walk on. And indeed it was, for it had grown into an island.

Of all the animals accompanying the man and woman the wolf was by far the most troublesome. He fought the gentler creatures, and sullenly obeyed his master and mistress. When the woman at last grew thoroughly out of patience with him, she scolded him roundly, and flung him on the island.

The wolf did not like it over there. There was no one to quarrel with, no gentle animal to scare out of its wits. So he ran up and down the soft mud, trying to get off, and wherever he went his tracks made deep lines or indentations, and when he stopped to paw the ground it made a hole that filled with water. These were the beginnings of rivers and lakes.

Then the woman cast seeds on the island, which sprang up and flourished. One which she had planted with particular care, grew until its top touched the sky, It bore most beautiful blossoms, and more marvellous still was the fruit that followed. These were very large and round, and so very bright that the naked eye could not gaze on them for more than an instant.

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Once more there was a discussion as to what they might be, and what they were good for.

Again the woman called the animals around her. This time she selected the good climbers, like the bear and the squirrel. They climbed the tree to its lowest branches; then the bear got tired, because he was so clumsy and heavy, and came sliding down to earth again, while the giddy squirrel forgot what he went up for, and came racing down the trunk of another tree nearby. The raccoon went up, but was overcome by the heat—for, undoubtedly, those beautiful balls that floated out from the upper branches of the tree were very hot.

It was left for the little unassuming mole to go up and bring back a report. As the heat increased he burrowed into the trunk of the tree, and continued inside the great heart until he reached the highest branches. Then he peeped out. The heat was intense, and the brightness was blinding. In that terrific glare the mole lost the use of his eyes, and has ever since been nearly blind. But having gone so far he decided to finish. The only thing he could do was to cut the twigs that held the fruit to the tree. So he set to work and soon gnawed off several of them.

The dwellers on the island below, looking up, saw the great globes of light float away. The sun started

THE RED MAN'S STORY OF CREATION

on his course, and the moon took her place in the heavens. All the smaller globes, which had been the fruit of the tree, floated very far away until they were almost lost to sight, and became the stars.

III.

The Indian's Idea of a Flood

The Indians relate many stories about a great flood, a terrible disaster, when the waters overflowed the land, and caused destruction of almost every creature Manitou had made.

The demi-god Nanna-Bijou, who possessed magic powers, and was a queer mixture of good and bad, once dwelt among men, and mixed freely with them. One time he built a house on the shore of a large lake, which he knew was the home of water-deities, great cruel monsters, of whom all men stood in awe. Nanna-Bijou told his favorite son Wolf never to cross the lake either in a canoe or on the ice, but always to return from his hunting trips by the longer route around the shore. The monsters would hurt no one while on the land, but guarded jealously their watery domain.

For awhile Wolf obeyed his parent. But one evening, returning very late and being very tired, he resolved to cross the ice rather than take the long route around the shore.

He was not half way across the lake before he heard a rumbling and a splitting beneath his feet. The

THE INDIAN'S IDEA OF A FLOOD

ice began to crack and to heave. Wolf stood still, too frightened to move farther. The ice broke under his feet, and he was engulfed in the chilly waters, where he perished miserably. So did the water-monsters deal with a person who crossed their property.

Nanna-Bijou was enraged at the death of his son, and vowed vengeance. He resolved to be more than a match for the monsters of the deep, if it took a long, long while to do it. He could not hope to meet them successfully in the water, so must coax them out on land, or wait until they crawled forth to sun themselves. This would not happen until the summer, when the monsters loved to lie in the sand and sleep the warm days away.

One hot day Nanna-Bijou took his bow and arrows, and went to the shore to lie in wait for his enemies. Lest they should see him, and so avoid him, he concealed himself in an old scorched pine tree, where he stood all morning on the hot, sandy beach, waiting his chance.

At noon the monsters crawled forth, and lay down on the shore. They soon fell into a heavy torpor. Nanna-Bijou took deliberate aim with his flint-tipped arrows, and severely wounded one of the water-gods. Of course it flew into a terrible rage, plunging into the water, and lashing the waves with its tail, until they were churned to foam. The others followed, and soon

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such a commotion was set up that the lake was covered with bloody froth. The waters rose, and continued to rise, until Nanna-Bijou had to back up to keep his feet dry. Then he went to the top of a hill; then climbed a tree that stood high on the brow of the hill. Still the waters rose, as if chasing him. He saw everywhere animals in distress, some climbing trees, and those that could not climb struggling in the water. Many were already dead. Destruction was everywhere.

At last Nanna-Bijou broke off a big limb of the pine tree in which he had taken refuge, and floated it on the waters. Storm-tossed, he bobbed up and down on the waves until the commotion began to subside. Gladly he gave room to a few animals who asked to come upon his log. Moreover two or three people clambered upon the log and were saved.

At last the rage of the water gods was appeased. The water grew quiet and sank to its former bounds. Nanna-Bijou's log struck land and stuck there. As the giant had an amiable disposition, he told the people who remained alive that he would dwell among them for a time, and instruct them in the arts of peace, until they grew strong and self-supporting again. Then he said he would leave them forever. This he certainly has done, but nobody is quite sure how or when he disappeared.

IV.

The Origin of Wind and Rain

A cruel spirit lives far in the north. When he blows his breath snowstorms occur. Other more kindly spirits live in the east and west. They breathe softer breezes and bring summer weather. Gentle female spirits live in the south. These send the flowers and the warm rains of spring. In fact they keep the rain up there in big bags. When they run across the sky the water spills and causes showers. We hear the noise of their running feet in the thunder.

V.

Northern Lights

The Indians believe that where the earth ends is a great abyss, over which a narrow pathway leads to the sky-world. The sky is not soft, as it looks, but made of hard material arched over the earth. There is just one hole in it, and the only way to enter it is over the dangerous abyss. Only the spirits of those who have died voluntarily, or violently, and especially those who have died a heroic death in battle, find the pathway that leads to light.

The spirits who have already attained to the heavenly bliss wave torches to guide the feet of the new arrivals. Sometimes they play football with a walrus skull, or dance, or feast—anything to draw the attention of the earth wanderers to the true path. This is the light of the aurora.

Sometimes when a slight, crackling noise accompanies the aurora the Indians say the spirits are trying to communicate with earth. They answer in whispers, never being quite sure whether the spirits catch the replies or not.



"A narrow pathway leads to the sky-world"

VI.

What Makes the Earthquakes

All the world rests on the back of the Big Turtle.

It happened at the very beginning of things that a woman fell from the sky, who would have been drowned, had not a number of swans quickly decided to swim close together and hold her up on their backs. As they swam along they turned their long necks to look at the strange new creature. A mere glance was enough to convince them that she was very beautiful and should be protected and saved alive at all costs. But they could not forever hold her up on their backs.

"We must show her to the Big Turtle," they agreed. "He will call a council to decide what must be done."

The Big Turtle sent out his moccasin, calling all the animals to a council. For a long time the animals could do nothing but stare at the beautiful creature who had fallen from the sky. They decided that they must provide a place for her to rest upon at all costs. The swans told the other creatures of a fallen tree that had sunk into the waters at a certain point, and it was agreed that they should try to raise it, with perhaps a little bit of earth clinging to its roots, and

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so form an island by diving for more mud and packing it around the tree. While they were engaged in the process the Big Turtle, being the strongest of all the creatures, offered to go down beneath and hold up tree, woman, and all on his back,

The island grew until it became the earth, and still the Big Turtle held it up. He does so to this day. When he gets tired, he moves a foot, or shifts the weight of his load to the other shoulder. This makes the whole world shake. We call it an earthquake.

When the Indians hear of an earthquake, they say, "The Old Turtle must have moved his foot."



"Nanna-Bijou smokes great pipes . . . makes the hazy weather we call
Indian Summer"

VII.

Indian Summer

The Indians say that Nanna-Bijou, or Old Man, sleeps all winter like the bears.

Before entering on his long sleep he grows sad and thoughtful, and smokes great pipes of tobacco for several days. This makes the hazy weather we call Indian summer.

VIII.

The Eclipse of the Sun

At an eclipse of the sun the Indians used to be thrown into the greatest alarm. They called it the sun dying, and they believed that it did actually die.

In order to help restore the sun to life, they stuck coals of fire on the points of their arrows and shot them at it. The sun gratefully received the heat and was revived thereby.

IX.

Why the Autumn Leaves Turn Red

The beauties of the foliage in the autumn is accounted for in many stories among the Indians. One of the prettiest is the following.

When the earth was first made the animals were much wiser than they are now. They could talk, they had great powers for advising and assisting man. But the day came when they got tired of the quarrels of the earth children.

"You will destroy yourselves and us too," they complained. "It is senseless to kill us in droves, as you have already done to the buffalo."

In a great council of the animals it was decided that they would go to the sky to live. Accordingly they departed from the earth, the deer leading the way up the beautiful rainbow trail. A few of the weaker and more stupid creatures remained behind, and became the ancestors of the animals we have now.

It was in the autumn of the year that the animals decided to withdraw from the earth, and the trees wept tears of blood in their sorrow at the great loss. Nor

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have they forgotten it yet. Every year, as the autumn rolls around, the leaves begin to mourn, and they take on many beautiful colors in memory of that season long ago when they shed blood in the agony of their grief.

X.

How the White Man Treats the Indian

One day a white man approached an Indian, as he was sitting on the end of a log.

"Sit over," said the white man; "surely there is room for us both on the log."

Politely the Indian allowed the white man to take a seat beside him. Soon the white man began to complain of being crowded and shoved the Indian over.

Again the Indian moved, and the white man took his place. Then the white man shoved again, and kept on shoving, until at last the Indian was at the other end of the log.

"I am still crowded," complained the white man; "I must have more room."

By his next move he pushed the Indian clean off the log.

"Now it is all mine," he said, with satisfaction.

This is an old story among the Indians, for they all think it represents fairly the attitude of the white man toward his Indian neighbor.

XI.

The Moon Woman

Once there was a very handsome young Indian chief, who loved to travel constantly summer and winter. His wife, Wala, did not like it so well, for she had many children, and it was she who carried the big birch-baskets on her back, and also a shovel in one hand, to get snow to be melted into water, which was all the drink they could get in winter time.

Wala kept crying to her husband to stop; but when he had once started on his long trip nothing would make him settle down. He loved to camp in a different place every night; so his wife had to trudge along as best she could.

One day Wala was very tired, and she kept asking her husband over and over again, "Where will you camp to-night?" At first he did not reply, but when he had grown weary of her questioning, he answered crossly, "Oh, camp on my face, if you like!"

Wala did so. She sprang right on to his face and stuck there. Old Man, seeing them so unhappy, flung them into the sky. And you may see them there almost any night. The man has become the moon, still

THE MOON WOMAN

travelling, travelling on, camping a different place each night. And Wala may still be seen on his face, carrying her birch-bark basket, and holding her shovel in her hand.

XII.

Grandmother Toad

"Don't hurt a toad, or you hurt your grandmother!"

This is a common saying among the Indians.

It happened at the time the world was being formed that a woman was the only human being created, and she was sitting on a stick, or something which was too small to support her, so that it looked as if she must soon fall off into the water and be drowned. As a toad was near, the woman asked her if she could not get some earth, or something solid for her to rest on. The old toad dived into the waters, came back with a mouthful of dirt, and scattered it about the woman's feet. This she did over and over again, until she had built up a small island.

If the old toad had not done this it seems probable that the woman would have died and the human race would not have been founded. That is why the toad is called the grandmother of all.

XIII.

How the Evil Spirit Spoiled the Maple Sap

The first woman created had two sons. In those days children were not born as they are now. If a child was desired, the people and animals all thought about it at the same time, and soon after the child would be found under a rock, or in a hollow tree.

The woman on the island went out one day to get wood. She was thinking about children as she went, thinking how she was lonely and needed company. It so happened that when she had cut down a rotten tree she found two boys. The one she saw first she called the elder; the other one was the younger.

The boys got good care and grew very fast. The mother noticed that there was a great difference in their actions. The older one was good, and the younger one quite mean and spiteful. The good one tried many times to produce things of benefit to mankind, but the younger brother usually came along after him and destroyed his work.

One day the Good One made maple trees, and filled

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their hearts with sap, which was so sweet and rich that a very little bit of boiling made it into delicious syrup. Never had he felt more happy than on the day he finished making the maple trees.

But no sooner had he left the forest and returned home for the evening than the Evil One came bounding through the forest. He smelled the new smell of sap, and sniffed eagerly around to try to discover what his brother had been doing. Presently he found out the maple trees, standing in what had been a clear place before. He poured a bucket of water into each tree. The sap was still a sickly sweet, but very thin and poor. It was as we have it to-day. It is really nothing but sweet water, and only after long and tedious boiling can we make a little syrup or sugar from it.

XIV.

The Grey Woodpecker and the Indian Maiden

A beautiful Indian girl often used to go to feasts. Never a feast or a dance anywhere but she was invited, the envy of all the other maidens, and the most sought after by the young men.

Her constant attendant was a little grey woodpecker, who loved to watch her dress herself, paint her face, and arrange feathers and beads in her blue-black hair. This vain little creature was specially interested in the bright paints his mistress used, and often wondered secretly how his face would look painted red and black.

The little bird's feathers were grey all over, a most dull and tiresome color, he thought. Every time his mistress painted herself red and black he looked on with great admiration, sometimes holding the paint pots for her.

One day the Indian maid went in a hurry to a feast, forgetting to put her paints and brushes out of sight. The vain little bird noticed this at once, and picked up a brush with a shrill cry of delight.

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"Now," thought he exultantly, "now is the time for me to improve my appearance!"

He put the paint on in streaks, just as he had seen his mistress do. Back and forth over his ears he rubbed the brush patiently. Nobody knows when he would have stopped, most likely not until he had used all the paint in the pots. But somebody coming along just then scared him, so that he dropped the brush and flew away. He had finished the two red stripes across his head, and added a few touches of black and white to his feathers. On the whole he had improved his appearance.

XV.

The Old Robin

The old Robin was fond of talking about her neighbors. In fact she was a gossip.

She would spend most of the spring visiting the homes of her friends, instead of making a new home for herself. When she saw other people planting their gardens, and tending the young crops, she would suddenly remember that she had intended to make a garden.

Then she would hurry from one neighbor to another.

"Have you any seeds you could give me? Corn, or anything? I was having such a good time all spring, going to dances and feasts, that I neglected hunting up seeds."

So the Robin stands for a type of the gossip among the Indians. When a neighbor comes borrowing, the women wink their eyes and exchange knowing glances.

"That's the way it goes," they say. "Where there is so much feasting and dancing there is never time to attend to business. You are no better than old Mrs. Robin, the gossip."



